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THE NATION

NOVEMBER 28, 1966 *35 cents*

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LETTERS

strident friend

New York City

DEAR SIRS: For me the truly phenomenal aspect of "The Bobby Phenomenon" is the increasing number of publicists engaged in apologetics for and promotion of the Senator. Jack Newfield's performance [*The Nation*, Nov. 14] is as strident as the screams of any bobby-soxer at the sight of the Beatles. . . .

Mr. Newfield is a bit apologetic about the image he projects of the Senator as an Existentialist philosopher, the Albert Camus of American politics. But he is unrestrained to the point of fulsomeness in his praise of Bobby Kennedy, the "new kind of liberal" eschewing the "clichés of the old liberals, who remain tuned to the paternalistic federal bureaucracy" and their "simplistic slogans," etc. It is a pity that Mr. Newfield in drawing this portrait did not adopt his idol's distaste for rhetoric and clichés. . . . At some points he is really overwhelming, as when he speaks of the Senator's "wit, rebelliousness, candor, glamour, activism and odd combination of tough-mindedness and compassion which the young find so attractive in other culture heroes like Bogart, Goddard and Bob Dylan," and as when he ends his panegyric worthy of an Elizabethan courtier with: "The future is inscrutable, fate is capricious, facile prophesies are arrogant. But some day Robert Kennedy will lead his legions—the young, the black, the alienated, the romantic, the educated—to Armageddon."

I wonder whether this gush does not make the Senator . . . just a little uneasy. I hope he will forgive one of his well-wishers for warning him that sycophancy has the opposite effect, certainly on *Nation* readers, from the one intended. *David L. Weissman*

jingle

Atlantic City, N. J.

DEAR SIRS: Johnson's favorite thesis, that we must show 'em that might does not make right, suggests the following quatrain:

What we fight
Is "Might Makes Right."
We're so strong,
We can't be wrong.

Abraham Glicksman

changing the old order

Bath, N. Y.

DEAR SIRS: As an overseas reader, Prof. Hyman Levy [letter, *The Nation*, Oct. 31] deserves an answer to his inquiry: "What sort of people have you become . . . ?" The answer is we have merely readjusted our priorities. We still believe in "the pursuit of happiness, [civil] liberty and life"—in that order. *S. Drucker*

Mr. Kostelanetz replies

New York City

DEAR SIRS: I am continually appalled that Oscar Handlin should allow his reputation to be exploited by organizations that win his allegiance; however, here his associates betray his trust, for his letter [*The Nation*, Oct. 31] is full of mistakes and falsifications. In fact, there were three (not two, as he says) Negro Fulbright scholars my year, and the third, who lived in Manchester, was considerably darker, which is to say less invisible, than the other two. Second, included in our contingent were several nonacademics, both by profession and personality; and my list of eccentrics, in context, exempli-

(*Continued on page 580*)

EDITORIALS

A Look Ahead

The President's recent visit to the hospital invites speculation about his political future. It goes without saying that everyone was glad to hear of the success of his two operations, although there was some adverse comment on the strange spectacle of the President of the United States surrounding himself with reporters and TV cameramen four hours after he came out of the anesthetic. But that is a matter of taste, which is scarcely Mr. Johnson's forte. His political future, on the other hand, is a matter of cardinal importance to the United States, and indeed to the whole world.

It would seem quite possible that the President may not be a candidate for re-election in 1968—not necessarily because of ill health, although that remains a possibility, but because he had decided to bow out rather than undertake a political campaign in which the odds were not in his favor. On more than one occasion Mr. Johnson has demonstrated what his friends might call political prudence; his enemies would term it political cowardice. Witness, for instance, his failure to come to the aid of Governor Brown in California. True, the attempt would probably have failed, but for that very reason an inveterate fighter like Harry Truman would have made it.

By present indications, Mr. Johnson has passed the zenith of his popularity. The Republican election victory, however qualified, shows that the tide has turned. Social progress in the United States must largely be financed henceforth with federal funds. State, county and city budget directors look to Washington for support in fighting poverty, air and water pollution, wretched housing, medical indigence and other stigmas of poverty in the midst of plenty. But federal funds are now flowing to Southeast Asia in a war which may not be over in 1968. Liberals will be tugging Mr. Johnson in one direction, conservatives in the other. It is no longer a question of the Great Society, but of maintaining any social progress at all. In such a relatively static situation a President can hope for little good will. As for past achievements, political gratitude is proverbially short-lived.

Should the President decide that his chances are poor against, say, a Romney-Javits or a Romney-Hatfield ticket, he might decide to leave while, from a historical standpoint, his name was still in good repute. But if he did thus resign himself to fate, he would in all likelihood do so late in the game and without advance notice. He would probably give "ill health" as the reason, making the exit as graceful as possible, and relinquishing power no sooner than he had to. The role of a lame-duck President would be particularly galling to a politician of Mr. Johnson's temperament.

Political prophecy is perilous at best, but we would venture to guess that a Romney-Hatfield ticket would give Hubert Humphrey a great deal of trouble if he should be the Democratic nominee. For another prospective nominee —Robert Kennedy—1968 would be too early. The wave that might sweep him into the Presidency is more likely to crest in 1972. These two aside, where are the possible

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Democratic nominees for the two top offices? To ask the question is to point to one of the major weaknesses of the Democratic Party at this juncture. Just a few years ago, the Republicans were without new faces and stood in dire need of suitable candidates. Now the situation is almost exactly reversed.

An obvious possibility is that in 1968 Mr. Johnson might conclude that his one chance to win would be to tap Robert Kennedy as his running mate. Unthinkable? Not really. Franklin D. Roosevelt dropped Henry Wallace with a thud at a time when Wallace had as much popularity as Humphrey has now—probably more, because Wallace had a consistent record as a liberal, while Humphrey has lost much of his liberal support without making friends among conservatives. And a Johnson-Kennedy ticket would be no more incongruous than a Kennedy-Johnson ticket was in 1960. There was no love lost then, and there would be none lost now, but the idea is not unthinkable.

Hawks on the Wing

Secretary McNamara's press conferences rarely bode any good for the American people, but the latest such appearance, at the LBJ Ranch with Walt W. Rostow, Gen. Earle G. Wheeler and the President himself in the supporting cast, is pregnant with mischief beyond the ordinary. It forecasts a compromise on deployment of an ABM (antiballistic missile) system and, as a corollary, a revival of the dormant shelter program. Estimates of the capital cost of an ABM system range as high as $30 billion; shelters, if they are to provide the populace with meaningful protection against blast and fire, could easily account for another $30 billion. Once the barriers are down, the odds favor an early escalation to full-scale deployment of these "defensive" measures.

Money cost is not the most serious consequence of the anticipated decision. The prime casualties will be the current U.S.-USSR nuclear standoff and, eventually, the nuclear test ban. Sen. Henry M. Jackson began the assault on the latter when he took to the floor in the closing days of the 89th Congress to warn the Defense Atomic Support Agency to do nothing that might reduce U.S. capability to resume above-ground testing on short notice. Mr. Jackson is usually prescient in such matters.

The reason the test ban is in jeopardy is that all the ABM schemes are almost entirely based on theory, calculation and speculation. Before even a single operational battery can be designed and manufactured with any assurance that it will work, even partially, test firings will be required. To jettison the test ban and resume polluting the atmosphere will require a considerable public relations effort, but this can be powered by suitable depictions of the Red Chinese nuclear menace and the Soviet ABM menace. How effective the latter may become no one knows, neither the Russians nor ourselves, since their system will necessarily be experimental, just like ours. From a technical standpoint everything in this field is vague, but politically it offers great opportunities for hawks—not the little hawks of the Vietnamese War but big hawks who look forward to the ultimate nuclear showdowns, whether in great exchanges and world devastation or in new stalemates like

IN THIS ISSUE

November 28, 1966

EDITORIALS

562

ARTICLES

565 Indonesia: Hope After Massacre — *Alex Josey*

Test Run for '68:
570 Blue Notes from Dixie — *Paul Good*

573 Mathematics of Consensus — *Louis H. Bean*

575 Too Soon for Peace — *Sanford Gottlieb*

578 Showdown on Vitamins — *Ralph Lee Smith*

BOOKS & THE ARTS

581 What Shall A Moral Man Do? — *Christopher Lasch*

586 Theatre — *Harold Clurman*

588 Art — *Max Kozloff*

589 Playing with Children (poem) — *Seamus Finn*

591 Crossword Puzzle — *Frank W. Lewis*

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the one between the U.S. and USSR which the ABM schemes threaten to upset.

Our plans are so nebulous that it is not even clear whether those finally selected will be designed to protect American population centers or only portions of the Minuteman complexes. That is one reason for the differing views regarding shelters. Another is that ICBMs of large caliber, say 50 megatons, might be used to set fire to large sections of countryside with high-altitude bursts beyond the range of defensive missiles. The hope is that fireproof shelters in metropolitan centers might reduce casualties from such catastrophes. It is only a hope. None of the ABM systems is capable of anything more than palliative action. McNamara's conjecture of 130 million United States casualties in a massive surprise attack might be halved, some researchers think. But this is only another of the big guesses which, in this realm, seem to be as effective as Hitler's big lies.

The ABM project is open-ended in all directions, including the design of future ICBM systems. Mr. McNamara has already forecast a complete refitting of the forty-one Polaris submarines to enable them to fire the upcoming Poseidon missile. Poseidon will have the same range as the A-3 Polaris but will offer about double the payload, and can thus carry a variety of penetration aids against an enemy ABM defense. Since the A-3 has a range of 2,500 nautical miles, there is little need for increased range. The distance from the Taiwan Strait to the farthest point of mainland China is 2,500 nautical miles.

The diverse attitudes of the services to the ABM reflect their several preoccupations. The Navy is indifferent; its interest is in nuclear carriers and submarines and the deployment of Poseidon will presumably satisfy it for the time being. The Air Force is intent on getting the big bomber. Only the Army is hot for the ABM and the trading within the Joint Chiefs of Staff has brought it within reach of success.

From the standpoint of domestic politics the ABM has a bright future. The 89th Congress forced on the Department of Defense $168 million beyond the amount requested for the Nike-X ABM development. This increment will not be spent, since in the current program there is nothing to spend it on. But now that the lid has been pried up further on the ABM, legislative hawks can count on years of patriotic activity, with most of the earlier inhibitions thrown off.

Double Discrimination

A November 15 AP dispatch from Jackson, Miss., tells of a suit filed in Federal District Court by the Lawyers Committee for Civil Rights under Law as a class action on behalf of a 20-year-old Negro civil rights leader, John Otis Sumrall. The complaint charges that as a result of personal intervention by the state Selective Service director, Col. James L. Davis, three criminal charges, all involving civil rights activities, against Sumrall were dismissed, thus clearing the way for his induction into the army. It is charged further that Sumrall is being inducted out of turn, as chastisement for his civil rights activities. The suit also seeks a court order to compel Gov. Paul B. Johnson, Jr., to appoint Negroes to draft boards in proportion to the composition of local populations, and to suspend all Selective Service operations until such time as this has been accomplished.

It would take some doing. At present, according to the complaint, not a single Negro is serving on any local board or appeal board in the state of Mississippi. If the federal court finds merit in the suit, an acute shortage of pliable Negroes might result. It is even possible that some Negroes who insist on justice to members of their race might, temporarily at least, find themselves on a draft board.

The present total absence of Negroes on these boards shows the racist character of Mississippi—not that a further demonstration was needed. The boards now serve in several capacities—coercive, punitive and exploitative. For short periods, during the harvest season, Negroes will be passed over by their draft boards so that they can work in the fields for white masters. Local draft boards are given such wide discretion, on the theory that they will exercise neighborly justice, that the grossest abuses may be perpetrated instead.

The situation in Mississippi is another argument for a checkup on the operation of the entire system. This will be a time-consuming process at best. In the meantime, should this suit be allowed to drag through the federal courts? Is the Commander in Chief of the armed forces powerless to cope with a moral outrage so glaring? And the Secretary of Defense? And the Director of Selective Service? Surely there is enough "white power" in Washington to correct an injustice to the whole Negro race. And if the power exists, why should there be reluctance to use it?

The Contagion of Corruption

From a two-month study by a group of reporters one learns that enormous sums of U. S.-appropriated funds disappear every year in Vietnam: through black marketing, theft, bribery, waste and currency manipulation. Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge, on a morning stroll, notices luxury items from PX stores on sale in a section of Saigon known as PX Alley: champagne, Scotch, transistor radios, tape recorders, expensive cameras, and similar items. The Ambassador summons the police. Sirens wail and the culprits are soon picked up and carted off to the court where they pay their fines—100 per cent of the value of the goods. But payoffs are made immediately and the next day the same items are back in PX Alley—with the price advanced enough to cover the costs of the fines!

There is virtually no limit to this kind of corruption and no way of coping with it. William L. Ryan of the Associated Press, revisiting Saigon after an absence of some time, reports his impressions: ". . . an acute feeling of depression . . . [from the streets] a stench of garbage and refuse . . . peddlers everywhere pushing black-market goods . . . kids sleep everywhere . . . corruption has become a serious infection reaching far down the ladder." To Mr. Ryan the cause is clear: we have committed economic and social aggression against the Vietnamese. "The most affluent society in history descended on a poor and backward country. Along with the Americans came the signs of their wealth, in profusion: things the Vietnamese had never seen

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before. Corruption has been nothing new at the top in various regimes. Now it is spreading down the ladder. The temptation has been too great to resist. . . . American affluence has hit Saigon like a monsoon rain." While quibbling a bit over details in the AP report, senior officials of the U.S. aid mission concede that graft is rampant and that the Vietcong are among the beneficiaries. "As readily as any other Vietnamese," one official said, "the Vietcong can buy what's available in the economy. It's part of the bounty of this war." The recent reports confirm in abundant detail John McDermott's analysis of "welfare imperialism" in Vietnam which we published earlier this year (*The Nation*, July 25). It is not a pretty "image" that is being beamed back at us and time will not brighten it.

That Committee Again

The Nation of January 23, 1960, contained an article by John O'Kearney titled "The Lobby of a Million Ghosts." It was about "The Committee of One Million Against the Admission of Communist China to the United Nations," the brain child of Marvin Liebman, a New York publicist who has long busied himself with right-wing causes. *The Nation*'s next reference to Liebman's pet organization was in Urban Whitaker's "China Lobby's New Gambit" (October 7, 1961). Whitaker pointed out that as of that year the committee had only 6,000 contributing members and printed only 25,000 to 35,000 copies of its brochures, so that the other 965,000 "members" had little knowledge of what "their" organization was up to.

At that juncture Liebman intended to reorganize into a "Committee Against U.S. Participation in the UN," thus aligning himself with one of the standard right-wing phobias. In 1962, however, the original name was on a mimeographed handout which came into the hands of Harry W. Ernst, a staff writer for the Charleston (W. Va.) *Gazette*. Now the Committee—or the indefatigable Liebman—was warning Adlai Stevenson that "continued American support of the UN would not be justified if its Charter is weakened and ultimately destroyed through the admission of representatives of the so-called People's Republic of China." Struck by the committee's new-found solicitude for the UN, Ernst rescued the manifesto from the wastebasket and his "Behind the Handout Curtain" appeared in *The Nation* of March 17, 1962. The handout listed 349 Senators and Representatives who were identified as "Congressional endorsers." W. E. Chilton III, publisher of the *Gazette*, queried fifty of the 349 who had reputations as liberals or moderates. Of the twenty-five who replied, only three said they believed the United States should abandon the UN if Communist China became a member.

Liebman is still operating at the old stand, however, and the committee, still a million strong on paper, produced the same well-worn arguments against Red China in a full-page advertisement in the October 31 *New York Times*. This time Liebman aroused the ire of Representatives Fernand J. St. Germain and John E. Fogarty of Rhode Island, whose names appeared in a list of fifty Senators and 282 Representatives ostensibly in agreement with Liebman's principles. In a long story in the *Providence Evening Bulletin* of November 5, Lewis W. Wolfson of the paper's Washington bureau noted that Sen. John O. Pastore was no longer listed; last November he had sent the Committee a "scathing denunciation" of its tactics. The Messrs. Pastore, St. Germain and Fogarty are not particularly in favor of admitting Communist China to the UN, but they are even less in favor of Liebman.

No doubt from time to time there will be other dropouts, but Mr. Liebman is no quitter. He is not only founder and secretary of the "Committee of One Million" but one of the founders of "Young Americans for Freedom," the "American Jewish League Against Communism," the "American Committee for Aid to Katanga Freedom Fighters" and other groups which are working with might and main to save the U.S. from communism, broadly defined. He is also allied with Dr. Fred C. Schwartz's "Christian Anti-Communist Crusade." He once said, "If there is a China Lobby, we (the 'Committee of One Million') are it." A less modest man would have said, "*I* am it."

INDONESIA

HOPE AFTER MASSACRE

ALEX JOSEY

Mr. Josey has been a free-lance correspondent in the Far East for the past eighteen years. He is the author of Socialism in Asia *and* Trade Unions in Malaya.

Singapore

I recently visited Jakarta again for the first time since 1962. On my previous stay, I was there, by chance, when Sheik Azahari staged his abortive coup in Brunei on the island of Borneo. That morning I had been to see D. N. Aidit, leader of the Partai Kommunist Indonesia (PKI). We had been meeting for years. As usual, I brought with me a pile of anti-Communist books, mostly American, which he had asked me to buy for him in Singapore. Aidit was a keen student of anti-Communist books. In exchange, he gave me signed copies of his own books and pamphlets. He was a prolific writer. We drank coffee in his office (adorned with a big bust of Stalin), chewed peanuts and gossiped. Aidit told me that party membership had risen above 3 million. He said some generals in the army were trying to whip up feeling against the PKI: they were, he said, trying to produce an anti-Communist hysteria by accusing the PKI of plotting to capture the government by force. Aidit denied this. "We have no such plans. We don't need them. . . . We are prepared to tolerate insults and threats. We will not be provoked. If the army spits in our

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faces we will wipe it off and smile. We will not retaliate. Time is on our side. We shall win without a struggle. We will go along with Sukarno's guided democracy. That suits us fine." I asked him if I could quote him. Aidit said I should not quote him direct. Then he added, after thought: "Why not?" I said I would particularly like to use the phrase about taking all the insults. He threw more peanuts into his mouth and said: "Go ahead. It's true."

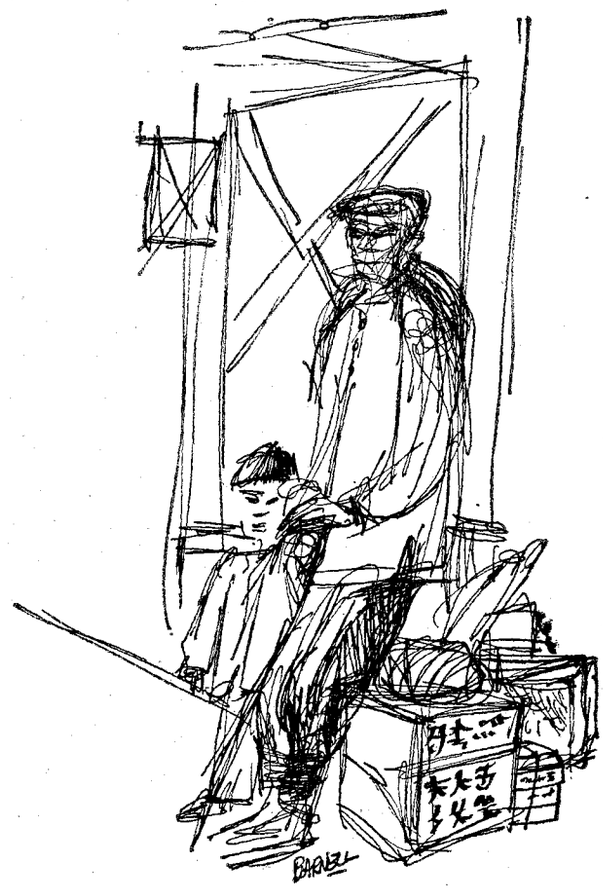
When I left Aidit that morning I expected to call upon him again in a couple of months, but a few weeks later the soldiers shot him dead. In Jakarta, a general told me Aidit was shot trying to escape, after signing a confession in which he took sole responsibility for organizing the abortive coup. The general smiled when he said: "trying to escape."

After that final meeting with Aidit, I had gone to another suburb to meet some Socialist friends. I was with them when Radio Jakarta broadcast the news of Azahari's uprising in Brunei. Now, four years later, they were broadcasting the trial of Dr. Subandrio, the former foreign minister. Direct from the court, the questions and answers went on for hours. People listened for sensational revelations which never came, and the general feeling seemed to be that this was a dull affair, a heavy-handed effort to cloak political murder with legality. "Much better to have shot him out of hand, like Aidit," was the consensus among the people with whom I spoke. One of the generals disagreed. "Subandrio must die because of his complicity in the abortive coup. We have staged this trial, and broadcast the proceedings throughout the country, because we want to damage Sukarno's image. In effect, Sukarno himself is on trial and, in a Javanese way, in what you would call a devious way, the people will understand this."

Physically, Jakarta had not changed much in four years. It still took me longer to get out of the airport, through passport control, immigration and customs, than it did to fly from Singapore to Jakarta. The airport building was under repair, the place was half dark, and there were muddy pools. But, unlike my last reception there, I was treated well. Most officials were in army uniform, but this time there was no shoving about, no rude demands to open this bag or that, no audacious stealing of watches or rings: everyone was friendly and helpful. Arms akimbo, the customs officer did no more than raise an interrogative eyebrow, and, when I shook my head, he smiled and waved me through. What had taken all the time was the minute inspection of every traveler's passport.

Hotel Indonesia had a small bus waiting outside in the dark. All of us, Japanese, Dutch, American, a few Indonesians (heavily loaded with presents) scrambled in. There were few street lights, and heavy rain added to the gloom; the streets to the hotel were awash. I thought the roads felt to be in better condition than they had been four years ago, hardly any potholes. (After an intensive week of traveling over Jakarta roads I came to the conclusion that some were much better than others.)

Soon after I was smoothly and efficiently booked into the hotel, the power failed in that part of the city, and the hotel's emergency lighting came on automatically. There were four power failures during the week I was in Jakarta;



none lasted longer than ten minutes. This is a great improvement over 1962, although I was told that the failures in other parts of the city were much more frequent, and that sometimes residential areas were without water. While I was there the governor of the city issued a warning that excessive rain had fouled the water supply with sewage. Most guests in the hotel preferred to drink coffee, at 30c a cup (four times the price in Singapore).

There seemed to be more automobiles in Jakarta now than four years ago. Indonesian petrol is the cheapest (some say the worst) in the world; but cars are not cheap; and yet officials told me that there are close to half a million of them running through Jakarta's streets (sometimes four abreast down the busiest streets, causing fantastic traffic jams), and the majority appear to be large and in good condition. Every visitor is puzzled to understand who can afford them. Or, for that matter, who can afford to be sick, since the price of some medicines has gone up 500 per cent in two years. Certain other commodities and goods have gone up 1,500 per cent.

Wages for everybody, including army officers, are still miserably low. Fortunately, Indonesia's civil service (reputed to be easily the largest in the world) and, of course, the armed forces (about 450,000) get a subsidized rice ration, and in the rural areas the peasants grow their own food. Police Brigadier General Dr. Awaluddin Djamin, minister for manpower, reckons that 71 per cent of Indonesia's working population (there has been no census for years, but it is probably in the neighborhood of 23 million) is in agriculture, and 29 per cent in industry. He

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admits that there are 13 million unemployed or underemployed in Indonesia, and 1.3 million job seekers are coming into the labor market each year. The Central Bureau of Statistics gives out that the population now stands at 109.5 million. If the labor estimates are reasonably accurate, there are tremendously more workless than workers in Indonesia. Officials admit that the tin mines produce a quarter of their 1958 output. Industry is running at between 15 to 20 per cent of capacity.

These statistics underline Indonesia's grim economic position. But the situation is not evident in the air-conditioned Hotel Indonesia, where you must pay for your rooms in American dollars or other hard currency (Indonesia must be the only nation in the world which rejects its own currency). Hotel officials tell tourists now trickling in from the United States, Japan and Thailand that they can buy anything at Sarinah, the state-run skyscraper wonder store, five minutes away. Not all its twenty floors are yet open; they may not be for some time, for although there is indeed an almost embarrassing selection of foreign-made luxury goods (mostly from Japan), hardly any Indonesian can afford to buy anything. In the basement one can get Indonesian food (as well as Irish stout and Coca-Cola in tins: there is little difference in price), and on the second floor there are textiles from Japan and India, as well as locally made stuff. Both the basement and the second floor do a reasonable business. Jostling crowds of men, women and children, and soldiers with guns, swarm through the other floors as well, riding joyfully up and down Indonesia's first shop escalators (carefully guarded by neatly dressed, attractive, patient girls who help old ladies on and off and shoo away the children). They gaze at the expensive cameras, the beauty preparations, the matched luggage, the tape recorders, the furniture, and they marvel. They buy nothing. Sarinah is another monument to Sukarno's stupidity; it may have contributed to his downfall, for its mocking showcases remind Indonesians how far their own standard of living lags behind that of the citizens in other modern states.

A factor new since my previous visit was the urban Indonesian's attitude toward the Chinese merchants and technicians, still largely responsible for the city's economy, especially the private sector which includes the distribution of consumer goods. The tolerance of the past has been replaced by an active hostility encouraged by the authorities. You can almost smell the racism. The Chinese are afraid, and with good cause. They are blamed for increasing prices and short supplies. "They are more rapacious, the Chinese capitalists in Indonesia, than were the colonial capitalists," growled Adam Malik, the present foreign minister, on a visit to Tokyo. This sort of talk, constantly repeated, has established the official line against the Chinese minority.

Once the Chinese numbered about 3 million in Indonesia. Now Malik talks about a million and a half Chinese, who, he says, constitute a problem because only 80,000 of them can be persuaded to go home to China—a home they do not know, most of them, since they were born in Indonesia. In the week that I was there, 10,000 Chinese left for China in a ship sent by Peking. They took with them little more than the clothes they wore. Thousands were left behind on the dockside to wait for another ship. Malik complained that under the Dutch the Chinese received "all the facilities, all the opportunities," to exploit Indonesia. He said they had been allowed special rights, such as their own schools, their own newspapers. General Suharto, head of the junta that took over control of the government from Sukarno, had stopped all that. No longer would Indonesia allow the Chinese "special advantages in banking and trade." Neither Malik nor anyone else has explained what these so-called special advantages were. The truth is that the Chinese has a greater aptitude for business than the leisure-loving Indonesian. Removal of the Chinese from the local economic scene will not by itself transform the Indonesian into a go-getter. This was proved years ago when the army brutally rooted out all the Chinese shopkeepers and merchants from the rural areas. The rural economy almost collapsed, and it has never recovered in spite of all the promises, no doubt sincerely made, that the army would provide the peasants with co-operatives.

For centuries the Chinese enriched themselves in Indonesia, but they also organized an economy. Now Indonesia, like other emergent states in Asia, feels the strong winds of nationalism, and wishes to be rid of everything that can be associated with colonialism, damaging though this clean sweep may be to the nation's economic well-being.

General Suharto has said that Indonesia's efforts to absorb the Chinese have failed because of China's influence. The charge is dubious because Chinese rarely assimilate in any foreign country. But now General Suharto wants to get rid of them all, and it is difficult to see how they can remain in the face of what amounts to national opposition. At the airport I saw a dozen Chinese men, women and children, all of them wearing Mao Tse-tung-type uniforms. Traders who had accepted the inevitable, they were dressed for reception in Peking, where Red Guards are

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waiting to pounce upon returned Chinese wearing bourgeois Western clothing.

When you talk to government servants, and also to the military, in Jakarta, they tell you that things are not too bad. They insist that the military command has never been more unified, that the army, marines, navy, air force and police are working together. They deny that war lordism survives anywhere. They say that General Suharto can, and has, put his own commanders in sensitive places. And this, they point out, includes Central and East Java, traditionally pro-Sukarno regions. They admit that the economy is chaotic, that the people cannot afford such essential commodities as rice, frying oil, salt fish, vegetables and sugar, but they speak with confidence of new methods, reorganization, massive foreign aid.

Indonesians, in the mass, are easygoing. Adam Malik told them frankly that their foreign debts were enormous (approximately $3,000 million, costing about $500 million a year in interest), but they were, he said, insignificant compared to the nation's natural resources. "Indonesia has diamonds, oil, copper, uranium," Malik said, "and these resources can be developed through cooperation with foreign investors." Malik spoke the truth. Indonesia is potentially one of the richest nations on earth, with black volcanic soil on some islands capable of producing a wealth of agriculture hard to imagine. Can the Indonesians be organized to turn all this treasure into monetary terms, and a higher general standard of living? General Suharto must solve the economic situation and, at the same time, he must balance the conflicting power forces in order to achieve a measure of political stability. He must contain Sukarno while making use of Sukarno's unquestioned popularity in the rural areas. He must placate the students and watch the activities of the political parties. Even more important, he must be on guard lest factions within the armed forces cooperate to overthrow him. He must treat the Left with solicitude, while not offending the anti-Left Muslims. President Sukarno, master intriguer, could juggle these forces to his own advantage. Suharto has yet to be tested fully, but he is making certain careful moves.

Suharto and General Nasution worked with the students at the start to bring down Sukarno. That having been achieved, they suddenly slapped down the students and the organized children when these attempted to insist that Sukarno should be tried. The army wants to keep Sukarno as a constitutional President. He is a most useful scapegoat; beyond that, he knows too much to be subjected to public trial. KAMI (Indonesian Students Action Command), claiming to represent 80 per cent of Indonesia's 300,000 university students, and KAPPI (United Indonesian Students Action Council), with a membership of half a million high school children, demanded to know why Sukarno was with Aidit and other plotters at Halim Air Base, headquarters of the abortive coup, during the critical hours of October 1. Suharto had already asked this question and Sukarno had explained: "I was of the opinion that the best place for me was near an aircraft which could transport me at any moment to another place if anything which was not expected took place." In Tokyo, Malik told the Indonesian community: "We accept that explanation." Then he went on to blame Sukarno for lack of action immediately after the coup had failed and the wanton killings began. Why did Sukarno remain silent? For three days he did not speak, and when he did it was not to condemn "PKI treachery which killed six generals in one night in an atrocious manner. There was unrest because of the President's indecision. Chaos followed, causing the death of hundreds of thousands." Malik said that the PKI began killing nationalists and members of religious groups after the collapse of the coup, and that savage retaliation followed.

By now, the generals claim they can account for at least 60 per cent of the known PKI leadership. Most of them are dead; the rest are in jail. Gen. Sugeh Arto, the attorney general, told me there were probably 120,000 Communist suspects in jail, in addition to 800 suspects in the armed forces. He hopes they will be sorted out by the end of December and those against whom evidence is available will be tried. The general agreed with me that counting the dead and the suspects, the total would come to about a quarter of a million. If we accept as even approximately accurate Aidit's claim that there were 3 million Communists in Indonesia (including about 110,000 in the armed forces), many are still unaccounted for. Gen. Sugeh Arto believes the PKI has an underground setup, but thinks that given reasonable economic and political progress, the Communists will never again be a threat in any part of Indonesia.

The generals know they must move carefully. Sukarno has mass support, unorganized but potentially powerful, especially among the religious peasants. To reassure the population of Sumatra, commanders of the armed services issued a joint statement promising they would follow Sukarno's leadership as long as he obeyed the People's Congress. Similar statements have been put out elsewhere. The PNI, Sukarno's old political party, is not without support in the ranks of the army, and in Indonesia's colossal civil service. The generals see no virtue in stirring up serious discontent by ousting Sukarno. They say they want to create a new order, based upon democracy. They want a government made up mostly of elected representatives of the people, but including also representatives of the armed forces, regional groups and functional groups. How this is to be made ready before July, 1968, when the army has promised general elections, provokes a great deal of discussion among generals and politicians.

What seemed to me particularly significant was the lifting of the ban on the Murba Party when Malik was in Moscow discussing Indonesia's debt and the possibility of aid. This could have been a coincidence, but the Murba was founded by a Communist, Tan Malaka, who was earlier a founder of the Partai Kommunist Indonesia. It was a nationalist, as distinct from a Cominform-affiliated, Communist party. Both Adam Malik and Tan Malaka were tossed into jail by Sukarno in 1946 when they tried to capture power. This was the first abortive Communist coup. A year later, Tan Malaka, still scheming, was shot dead by pro-Sukarno soldiers. Sukarni, the original chairman of the Murba, is still in office. After the removal of the ban, he said that Murba stood for a just and prosperous society based on Pantjasila (nationalism, religion and socialism). It opposed foreign investment in Indonesia, though it would "tolerate" joint ventures; supported General Suharto's cabinet, but opposed liberalism in political

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and economic affairs. It condemned United States aggression in Vietnam, and "could not justify China's intervention in Indonesia's internal affairs," approved peaceful coexistence among nations with different social systems, and strongly opposed any kind of racism.

Leaders of the still banned Partai Sosialis Indonesia told me they were prepared to become part of Murba's "mobilization of all Pantjasila forces of socialism," and that they would accept Adam Malik's guidance and leadership. They believed that, with Malik's prestige and influence behind it, Murba could become important in Indonesian political affairs, filling the vacuum created by the disappearance of the PKI. Until now, the Socialist movement in Indonesia has been restricted to an intellectual group and has lacked mass following. Murba was also an intellectual organization. To become a factor in political affairs, to compete with the two Muslim parties, the PNI (Nationalists), and the Masjumi (still banned), Murba and the PSI combined might now attract thousands of disillusioned leftists stranded by the demise of the PKI.

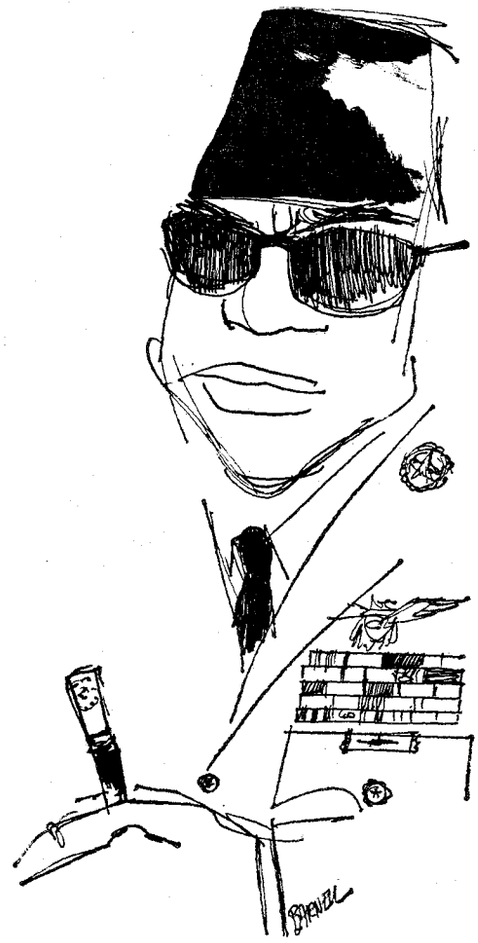
This may be the intention of Adam Malik and General Suharto, though care would have to be taken to prevent PKI elements from taking over. By creating a respectable, controllable Left, Indonesia's new rulers could balance the pressure and influence of the Moslem parties, and thus retain the national balance which history may judge to be Sukarno's only worth-while achievement in twenty Presidential years.

Did Aidit die? The army, "for security reasons," has never issued a statement giving details of his death. There is, however, persuasive evidence that he was shot in the early hours of November 22, 1965. What I find much more difficult to accept is the confession which was printed in extract in the *Asahi Evening News* of February 10, 1966. I can never believe that the Aidit I knew for nearly a decade would write a confession accepting full responsibility for organizing an armed coup without explaining why he had been prepared to use force to bring about something which for years he was absolutely confident could be achieved peacefully.

As I read the *Asahi Evening News* version of the confession I could not help recalling Adam Malik's admission that a good many people were reluctant to believe that the plot which led to the murder of the six generals and the subsequent massacre was in fact Communist inspired. What really happened, a cynical British journalist told me with a grim disbelieving smile, was that the generals became fed up with saber rattling against Malaysia, since it was depressing the nation's economy and most seriously affecting their sales of copra, rubber and tin. Many colonels, accustomed to getting a rake-off on the commerce, were becoming restless. They argued with Sukarno, but he was adamant and threatened to demote officers not carrying out his instructions to invade Malaysia with guerrillas. So the military formed the Council of Generals, but not without the knowledge of Sukarno who saw a chance to rid himself of unfriendly generals and replace them with stooges.

Sukarno passed word of the brewing conspiracy on to the Communists. Aidit at once realized that if the Council of Generals toppled Sukarno the Communists would also catch it in the neck. He had no alternative but to make the first strike. Sukarno, meanwhile, made the usual private reservations: if the coup was successful he would go along with it. Here was a chance for him to become the head, perhaps the reluctant Moslem head, of a Communist state, which was what he had always wanted to be. If the plot failed he would, of course, condemn it. Aidit struck, and the army walloped him smartly. Half a million people lost their lives, and Sukarno slunk back home.

If that is not exactly what happened, it is the most



Sukarno

plausible reconstruction to be offered thus far. We may never know the truth. What we do know is that the PKI leadership is smashed, Sukarno is contained, confrontation with Malaysia has ended, and trade is starting up again with Malaysia and Singapore. The army is in control, and could be for a long time, in spite of talks about elections. Sukarno appears to be accepting his new status, but he is the most experienced Indonesian politician of all and knows how quickly power in Indonesia can change hands. The generals know it too.

Other questions which may never be answered are whether Peking was directly involved in the plot, or whether the United States in any way influenced the students' agitation against Sukarno. From inquiries I made in Jakarta, I concluded that there is no real evidence that Peking on this occasion departed from its basic policy of limiting its encouragement of local Communist movements to words

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of advice. At his trial, Subandrio did admit that Peking agreed, in talks between the two governments, to supply Indonesia with a quantity of small arms. But even if Subandrio was in the thick of the plot, that hardly points to Peking as a co-plotter. An Indonesian Foreign Office official testified that during the flight back from Peking Subandrio gave him certain instructions about the final destination of the small arms, but the Chinese may have known nothing of that.

As for the students' demonstrations, for two years and more Sukarno's "to hell with you" policy toward the United States and Britain had, perhaps fortunately, made it difficult, if not impossible, for those countries to intervene, however subtly, in Indonesian affairs. I believe recent developments, ranging from the abortive coup to Sukarno's containment and Suharto's rise to power, were entirely Indonesian affairs. Indonesia was shaken, in my view, by an old-fashioned battle for succession, rather than by an ideological clash. Sukarno's reported ill health brought the contending groups abruptly into collision.

As I flew back to the efficiency, the modern comfort and the comparative security of Singapore, I tried to imagine what role Indonesia could be expected to play in Asian affairs in the foreseeable future. This country of 100 million people is potentially among the richest in the world, but it is encumbered with a run-down, state-controlled economy, with between 2 million and 5 million civil servants (nobody really knows), and with more than half a million in its armed forces. It desperately seeks a domestic political formula and economic sanity. If there is to be progress in these fields, the generals and the politicians will have their hands full for some time to come. Relations with China will probably deteriorate; those with the Soviet Union and the West, including the United States, will most likely improve; Japan will move much closer. The non-Communist world may be relieved that Indonesia has been rescued, on the brink, from communism. And, by now, thanks to Radio Jakarta and the controlled papers, most Indonesians may share this view without knowing exactly why. But the truth is that the abortive coup, whatever it was, the awful massacres, Sukarno's containment and the new army regime have left Indonesia very much as it was before. With, however, one important difference: there now is hope.

TEST RUN FOR '68

Blue Notes from Dixie

PAUL GOOD

Mr. Good is a free-lance writer who specializes in reporting political and social events in the South.

The South has taken another turn for the worse: The Republican Party failed to crack the mono-politics of the solid South; the Negro voter had no place to turn, and George Wallace is leering at the White House over the shoulder of his bewildered wife.

In the welter of post-election statistics and analyses, it is clear that racism won the ballot of a majority of white voters. The hope that a nascent two-party system would provide Negroes and white progressives with an alternative to habitual Democratic recidivism died in the polling booths. Sometimes considerable Republican gains—particularly on the state legislative level in places like South Carolina—were applauded as if the appearance of a second party were a creative political achievement without reference to what the party was doing. But with the qualified exceptions of Republican Winthrop Rockefeller as Arkansas governor and Howard Baker as the new Senator from Tennessee, most GOP candidates tried to out-seg the Democratic segs.

The elections underscored the limitations on the Southern Negro vote, which generally found itself forced to choose between the lesser of two considerable evils if it wanted to count at all. That has been the history of the Southern black vote when it was minuscule—scurrying around like a poor cousin, trying to find some rich protector it could trust. Most ominously, George Wallace—thanks to the smashing victory of his governess—has established himself as a force capable of creating incalculable rightist mischief on a national scale in 1968.

Despite the Republican callowness, the indecisive Negro vote and the saga-to-be-completed of the Wallaces, optimists take comfort from the fact that Rockefeller, a mild segregationist, climbed victorious from the muck of racism and personal vilification that Democrat Jim Johnson shoveled against him. "Moderate" South Carolina Democratic Gov. Robert McNair beat immoderate Republican Joseph Rogers (Dixiecrat-turned-Republican Sen. Strom Thurmond and Negro-baiting GOP Congressman Albert Watson also won in South Carolina).

Tennessee was a mixed bag, with both Senatorial candidates courting the Negro vote, though what they would do for Negroes if elected was left vague. A screaming GOP reactionary, Dan Kuykendall, was elected to Congress and other Republican victories smudged any image of triumph for party moderation, to say nothing of liberalism.

Finally, in Macon County, Ala., Lucius Amerson became the first black sheriff in the South since Reconstruction and possibly the only one in the entire Republic. This occurred, it must be noted, in a county where voting-age Negroes outnumber whites four to one, and registered Negroes hold a numerical edge of 2,000 despite 175 per cent white registration. The county is the home of Tuskegee Institute and unique in the Black Belt. But Negroes must be grateful for small gifts.

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Against these pale encouragements were unanimously reactionary results in Georgia, the rest of Alabama, Louisiana, Mississippi and Florida. Texas options were so slight that most liberals went fishing rather than vote for Democrat Waggoner Carr in his losing effort against conservative Republican John Tower. Black power, applied politically, failed in its first challenge to the murderous white supremacy of Lowndes County, Ala., and the Mississippi Freedom Party candidates were suffocated by bipartisan racism.

Elsewhere in America, these results would assume the color of a disaster for democracy. For the South, they are seen as tolerable, though of course lamentable. This is partly because of the confusion over images and labels. Segregation has become increasingly sophisticated in Dixie; politicians are adapting to the waning provincialism and waxing urbanism of most constituents. The national observer is so relieved to be spared a gallus-snapping reincarnation of Bilbo or Gene Talmadge "cussin' out niggers" that he is less repelled by a new breed of bigot—one who opposes civil rights advance, and champions the "Nigra" *status quo*, but is labeled "moderate" because he condemns the K.K.K. and lynching.

Even an occasional anachronism with the ax-handle mentality of Georgia's would-be governor, Lester Maddox, presents an urbane front. He offered a platform of help to the aged and of keeping the schools open in cooperation with federal decree that might have been denounced as socialistic twenty years ago. And he managed to go through an entire campaign stressing program and rarely alluding to race. Everybody pushes program in the new South; one-note racism is passé.

Writing of unfortunate racist political trends before the election, University of Mississippi Law Prof. Michael Horowitz noted:

> More subtle and dangerous, is the growth of the Chamber-of-Commerce Babbittry for which the Republican Party speaks. The button-down, dispassionate, country-club racism of the *nouveau riche*, whose dominant sense of the political process is that no one ought to take away the money they have made too quickly and too easily, is the politics of the Republican Party.

This realistic appraisal is a far cry from the hopes expressed before the election by the Republicans for Progress, a Washington-based group striving to excise segregation from the party. "It is urgent," the organization said, "that the Republican Party seize its opportunity and rally responsible Southerners to fight for the leadership of a New South. If it demonstrates courage and leadership now when the future of the American South appears to hang in the balance, the Republican Party can expect to command the respect and allegiance of the new generation of Southern voters."

That is well put, but unfortunately, the opportunity to create a second party in the South sprang from the worst Southern motivations. In 1964, whites voting with almost blind fury against the Johnson Administration and its Civil Rights Act carried Alabama, Georgia, Mississippi, Louisiana and South Carolina for Barry Goldwater. All five states elected Republican Congressmen, some for the first time since Reconstruction, but moderate Republicans (whatever they are) who had long nurtured dreams that the party of Lincoln might attract Negroes, were brutally shoved aside. They had not been doing much anyway.

By 1966, Negro registration in the eleven Southern states had risen to more than 2,600,000. This was something less than formidable compared with 14,300,000 whites. However, Republicans favoring civil rights hoped this potential bloc would be attractive enough to induce Southern GOP leaders to offer Negroes more than dreary, old-line Democratic rejection. But men like Alabama's John Grenier, who ran the Goldwater Southern campaign, were

firmly in the saddle and convinced that a repeat of 1964 would win again. Basically, he was right, although the Democrats outflanked him.

Southern defiance of civil rights, Grenier saw, was running as strong as ever. And in 1966 an important factor had been added—supporting sentiment from the rest of the nation. The social seismographs of Democrats and Republicans alike were responding to rumbles throughout-out the United States. Northern indifference had sealed the Negroes' fate after Reconstruction, and Southern segregationists sensed the same opportunity in the backlash.

The spirit of intransigence took heart when the Administration reacted lackadaisically to the brutal gas attack on Meredith marchers in Canton, Miss. It was cheered when the Mayor of Waukegan, Ill., went on television to denounce Negro rioters in his segregated enclave as "scum" and "savages." *The Saturday Evening Post* editorialized that the White House was devoting an "inordinate amount of time" to Negro problems, but no time-study charts were offered. The most substantial evidence that defiance of civil rights was going places in 1966 and thereafter was the

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treatment accorded Education Commissioner Harold Howe II.

Less than 10 per cent of Southern schools are integrated, with considerable tokenism included in this figure. Howe reasoned that twelve years after the Supreme Court reached a decision, a law should mean something or become meaningless.

"I have the feeling," he said, "that those of us who think of ourselves as gentlemen should either stop pretending that we care about racial equality or we should step down from our air-conditioned podiums and start something definite in the way of a program."

Howe tightened up the slipshod guidelines. Eventually, funds would be withheld from only seventy-four of 1,800 Southern school districts. But Howe came under ungentlemanly fire from both sides of the Mason-Dixon line. South Carolina Democrat Mendel Rivers called him a "misfit . . . an idiot . . . this man talks like a Communist." Rep. Paul Fino, a Bronx Republican courting backlash, whose only previous claim to legislative fame was backing a federal lottery, said that Howe was a "socialized quack." Nobody came to Howe's defense. One day, Majority Leader Mike Mansfield said that Education was pushing too fast; next day he said it was going too slow.

On October 9, *The New York Times* cited "erosion" of enforcement provisions in Title VI of the 1964 Civil Rights Act (prohibiting discrimination in federally assisted programs). The story said that Congressional chipping away was to blame. "Now when we call on Southern school officials for compliance," said an Office of Education official, "they just laugh at us. They feel they have the rest of the country on their side now."

This was the key, establishing the climate of the Southern elections, the plausibility of defiance. But Republican Goldwaterites generally could not capitalize on it because even "moderate" Democrats ran as if President Johnson and the Great Society (Negro aid) were figments of someone's diseased imagination.

In Alabama, GOP Rep. James D. Martin was emboldened to compete against Mr. and Mrs. Wallace for governor, and was swamped. Grenier took on Democratic Sen. John Sparkman, who is despised by Wallace and not much loved by anyone else, but whose contributions to the state and Senatorial seniority are widely respected. With the help of the Wallace landslide, Sparkman won easily. The Republican Party in Alabama may have suffered a mortal wound.

In Mississippi, the GOP rebuffed Negroes and ran Rep. Prentiss Walker (a Goldwater creation) against Sen. James Eastland of Sunflower County. A Negro protest vote for Freedom Party candidate, Rev. Clifton Whitly, gathered only 27,000 votes, although 140,000 Negroes are registered in the state. The result was a Democratic sweep and further entrenchment of die-hard segregation, with Ross Barnett of Meredith-at-the-University fame probably returning to the governorship next year.

Georgia politics have been described as "never dull and sometimes downright hilarious." The tragi-comic result of the 1966 election is ample proof of the truth in jest and an example of how the two-party system has misfired in the Deep South. Ax-handler Maddox finished in a dead heat for governor with Goldwaterite Rep. Harold "Bo" Callaway. This was fitting. Voters were offered little except a difference in style and class between the two. Lester was a po' boy become rich. Callaway, in the words of a rural Maddox booster, was a millionaire from the moment the doctor "first slapped him on his butt." He is also a West Point graduate whose voting record in Congress shows him completely at home in the 19th century.

But Negroes are losers whether he or Maddox is eventually declared winner in the tangled election aftermath. The only election alternative Georgia blacks had was to join the write-in campaign for former Gov. Ellis Arnall. Even if Arnall had won by some miracle, significant Negro advances could not have been gained with a "moderate" white administration psychologically unable to think in terms of the drastic effort needed to bring Negroes fully and equally into Southern society.

Florida offers an example of Republican bankruptcy in the South. Businessman Claude Kirk, Jr., capitalized on backlash and the alarm cry of organized crime to defeat liberal Democratic Miami Mayor Robert High. The most reactionary Democratic elements campaigned for Kirk. Toward the end of his campaign, he borrowed a racist slogan from Maryland gubernatorial candidate, George Mahoney, to put him over the top: Your Home Is Your Castle.

This, of course, was an attack on open housing and shorthand for everything else racial. It was the one note sounded by Mahoney, who had the white middle-class Maryland vote and probably lost because he did not realize that the Compleat Segregationist today must also present a Program. Mahoney's note fitted Kirk's Babbitt medley and he won in a state where the potent Negro vote (second in percentage only to Tennessee) had beat back Goldwater in 1964.

This helps define what the black vote can and cannot do. Southern politicians made dire predictions about a Black Wave after the 1965 Voting Act was passed. But an examination of statistics tells a different story.

In the five Deep South states of Alabama, Georgia, Mississippi, Louisiana and South Carolina, Negroes have a *potential* voting majority in only sixty-five of 418 counties. Presently, and despite intensive campaigns that have tailed off, Negro registrants are in a majority in only twelve of those sixty-five counties. The majority is often a bare one. By contrast, there are thirty-six counties in Alabama alone where white registration is far in excess of white eligibles. Ghostly hands vote white supremacy. And the county level is where control is exerted over homely but vital facts of life like school boards, law enforcement and road paving.

Before the elections, the Southern Regional Council made public progress accounts of its Voter Education Project. Here is a typical field report from a county in central Georgia: "We registered 649 people and have a list of 862 who were not able to register due to fear of losing their jobs, or causing their parents or members of their families to lose theirs. Some are afraid of the Ku Klux Klan."

Results of this kind of intimidation showed up in places like Lowndes County, Ala., during the elections. Mrs. Viola Liuzzo and seminarian Jonathan Daniels were murdered in Lowndes and their slayers were freed—once by a black-

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white jury. While voting-age Negroes outnumber whites 5,122 to 1,900, a better than 100 per cent white registration gives the races an almost equal number of registered voters—around 2,800 each. On November 8, the independent Lowndes County Freedom Organization, popularly called the Black Panther Party because of its emblem, ran seven candidates for offices ranging from sheriff to tax assessor (an extremely important post in Lowndes and elsewhere, since undertaxed white landowners get away with fiscal murder at the expense of minimal service to Negroes and poor whites). All the Black Panther candidates lost by an average of 600 votes. The county has a hard core of Uncle Toms that the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee numbers in the neighborhood of 350. Add to these the victims of fear and some idea emerges of the difficulties inherent in creating a meaningful black rural vote.

The problem is intensified by two other factors: diminish-

MATHEMATICS OF CONSENSUS

LOUIS H. BEAN

Mr. Bean, a political and economic analyst, is the author of How To Predict Elections. *He has been economic adviser to the United States Department of Agriculture.*

Why did the Democrats lose ground in the 1966 elections? Can the Republicans now count on taking over the White House in 1968?

As to the reasons for the Democratic losses, you can, by proper selection, point to one or more that fit your judgment. Do you think the Vietnamese War swayed the election? Look at Hatfield's victory in Oregon. Were the race issue, riots, backlash determining? See Reagan's victory in California. Did the farmers turn thumbs down on President Johnson and Secretary Freeman? The Republicans made notable gains in the Midwest. Were youthful faces preferred over age and experience? See Percy vs. Douglas in Illinois. Was there general revolt against government spending, taxes, the Great Society programs? Just look at the forty-seven House seats and the eight governorships the Republicans won. Perhaps it was chiefly a matter of family name, since three Rockefellers (two Republicans and one Democrat), young Taft and young Stevenson were victorious. You can of course find instances that point to just the opposite conclusion.

To get at the central features of this election and its meaning for 1968, one must compare the results with what should normally have happened. It then appears to have been neither a Democratic calamity nor a momentous GOP victory leading straight to a Republican White House in 1968.

The prospects for 1966 pointed to more than normal midterm losses in the House, and by normal I mean the number of seats, twenty-five to thirty, that the party in power tends to lose, in midterm years, because the President's coattail influence is absent. Why should one have expected losses to exceed this number?

(*1*) The falling off in voter turn-out I expected to be about 10 million, from 66 million voters for Congressmen in 1964 to about 56 million in 1966 (UPI, November 10, said the vote was near 56 million). Most of this drop was to be on the Democratic side, not merely because the Democrats were in power but because about 2.5 million Republicans had stayed home in 1964, not wanting to vote for Goldwater. This pointed to a drop in the Democratic share of the vote for Congressmen from 57.5 per cent in 1964 to 53.5 per cent in 1966. (It was probably 52.5 per cent.)

(*2*) While pollsters say that it is not possible to translate a change in the percentage of the popular vote into a change in the number of seats, my formula says that for every percentage point there is a shift of nine to ten seats. The prospect for 1966 was therefore a Democratic loss of thirty-six to forty seats, about ten more than normal. (The actual loss, forty-seven seats, is therefore about twenty more than normal.)

(*3*) There were across the country about sixty districts where Democrats had won in 1964 with less than 55 per cent of the vote. Of these nearly forty, or two-thirds, had been Republican in the two or three elections prior to 1964, and were therefore most likely to elect Republicans in 1966, merely as a result of midterm apathy and the absence of Goldwater (more than 60 per cent of the Republican House gains occurred in the marginal districts).

(*4*) Geographically, the 1964 marginal districts were concentrated in the Middle West, with some in the Northeast and some in the Far West, and a few in the South. And for the most part these marginal districts were rural, not metropolitan (and it was here that the Republicans made most of their comeback).

The actual results thus conform closely to expectations, as to the size of the vote, the geographical distribution of the Republican gains, and even the total number of seats gained.

If looking at the election results in this statistical way makes sense, then the real question to be answered is what significance have issues, personalities, campaign expenditures, public relations operations, television exposure? If thirty-six to forty seats were destined to go Republican anyway, we are left with only about ten seats to be explained by all of these factors that politicians, columnists and political analysts worry about. And if one allows for a certain number of Republican candidates that rode in on the coattails of the three Rs (Romney, Reagan and Rockefeller), even less of the Republican gains need to be explained by the so-called issues in this last election.

With very little change in the make-up of the Senate, and with very little to explain in the GOP Congressional gains over what would be normally expected, it seems to me that the main features of this election that will stand out on further analysis will be the noticeable Republican gains in the state capitols, and the further Republican gains in the South. One other fact that will be noted particularly by Democrats is that the 1966 Congressional roster, with 245 midterm Democrats in the House, would, if translated into its equivalent for a Presidential election, amount to about 270 to 275 Democratic seats. That is the kind of Democratic Congress President Johnson could have had if he had been running for re-election now.

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ing ability of civil rights groups to put registration volunteers in the field (in the absence of federal efforts) and white political manipulations aimed at scotching black militancy and maintaining an uneasy but politically profitable *status quo*. White liberal refusal outside the South to complete the job and lack of support from Negro groups that should know better will increasingly cripple private efforts to encourage Southern Negro voter participation.

More insidious is the role of Democratic politicians on the high national level. Mississippi furnishes a good example. For the past two years, the Johnson Administration has been tampering with the efforts of Mississippi Negroes to create some kind of workable black force, given the indifference of the two major parties. SNCC's Stokely Carmichael summed up militant Negro reaction to suggestions that blacks make a coalition with whites by exploding: "Coalition! Who you gonna coalesce with?"

It's a pertinent question but it raises another. In Mis-

sissippi, with white registration 3.5 times black, how can you win meaningful victories without white allies? Mississippi "moderates" with backing from the White House tried last year with the Mississippi Conference to wean away Negroes from the activism of the Freedom Democratic Party and into an alliance that supposedly would work to reform the state's regular Democratic Party. It failed, not only because blacks weren't buying but because no reform is yet possible in the race-obsessed state.

However, that hasn't prevented the Johnson Administration from trying to cripple the Freedom Party, SNCC and everybody else who refuses to play the coalition game. The action of Sargent Shriver's Office of Economic Opportunity in killing the Head Start program of the Child Development Group of Mississippi was not very subtle. It substituted Mississippi Action for Progress, a collection of hand-picked blacks and whites, in an agglomeration that plainly was attempting to establish a patronage base with Poverty Program dollars toward the long-range aim of building a Democratic nucleus responsive to Washington and not to the mutinous Mississippi Democratic overseers.

The CDGM program was widely praised by Northern observers, including Walter Reuther. It undoubtedly had its built-in defects and it clearly was oriented toward Freedom Party thinking. But it did reach children effectively and why should it be the only Head Start program in the country to be publicly disowned by Shriver? Unless Shriver, a thoroughly political animal, was responding to political pressure from an old and expert hand.

The frustration of Negro voters with nowhere to go was most apparent in Alabama where the Wallaces (who had been spreading around some state jobs to Negroes in Montgomery) received substantial black votes. He—they—didn't need them. Wallace has become a contemporary Huey Long, a smooth-functioning tyrant who exerts almost total control over his state. Twelve state Senators last year successfully opposed his attempt to legally succeed himself; all are now out of the legislature through defeat, resignation and one suicide.

Wallace has led Alabama through the most violent days of its modern history and he has visions of leading the entire United States. While he is an accomplished administrator and appeals to the masses with his highway, school and industrial programs, he has only one basic credo to offer nationally: white supremacy. Even with the current backlash, it seems impossible that he could mount a significant third-party campaign in 1968. Still, he scared hell out of the professionals in 1964 when he took 30 per cent of the Indiana Presidential primary, 25 per cent of pristine white Wisconsin, and 43 per cent of Maryland.

On election night in the Montgomery executive mansion, seated beside his quiet-as-a-mouse wife, Wallace said: "I don't have any great ambition at all to be President." But in the next breath he warned that if neither major party provided a clear choice for conservatives in 1968, ". . . you can look for us to be in your state all the way from Maine to California." He then proceeded to eliminate virtually every candidate to the left of American Nazi George Lincoln Rockwell from his list of possibilities. Wallace wrote off Ronald Reagan, Barry Goldwater, George Romney, et al. It is clear already that he intends to make a run for it.

How will he do? Last month in Birmingham, Goldwater said that a third-party effort wouldn't work and "shouldn't even be tried." The Louis Harris poll played with the possible three-horse race of Johnson, Nixon and Wallace, and proved to its own satisfaction that Wallace would hobble the GOP and insure Johnson's re-election.

Any realistic appraisal of Wallace's chances must be based on national developments in 1967. The present year has demonstrated that ghetto Negroes are at the boiling point. New York avoided riots largely because of effective use of Poverty Program "quiet-down" money and because a civilian-dominated Civilian Review Board gave the ghetto Negroes the feel of having a legal weapon against white authority. Now the Poverty Program is foundering as money is diverted to Vietnam, and a backlash vote has erased the review board.

It isn't pretty to think that widespread riots in 1967 would give George Wallace fuel for his run. But there are chilling signs that some people *are* thinking of it just that realistically. In a recent speech to the convention of In-

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dependent Mutual Insurance Agents, Norman Lustic, president of Consolidated Mutual, discussed the problem of insuring high-risk property in areas of potential riot. He said: "Nor is there any guarantee that riot will necessarily be confined to the square blocks in Harlem . . . that it will not spill out. . . . I cannot conceive that an underwriter will accept a risk in the heart of any of these depressed sections without a full recognition that a riot might destroy the building."

Should riot disfigure national life next year, Wallace could become a symbol of white against black that loomed over other issues and qualifications. The feelings of outrage and fear would probably not be strong enough to elect him, given the basic sanity of the electorate, but they might be strong enough to induce the Republican convention to nominate a rightist candidate in the hope of heading off the Wallace ploy. Or, more likely, Wallace could deny either major-party candidate a majority in the electoral college. This would send the election into the House of Representatives where his adherents might swing the choice to him. Each state delegation would get one vote, and twenty-six would carry the Presidency. A man with six or eight states in his pocket could conceivably determine the next President of the United States.

It can't happen here? Neither, thought Georgia progressives, could Lester Maddox. Nor, for that matter, did anyone think that a Mississippi Head Start program would be cut off for political reasons by an Administration supposedly committed to Negro exercise of civil rights free from intimidation. What happens next in the South is closely tied to what happens in Washington. And anyone searching there for reassurance looks in vain.

Too Soon for Peace

SANFORD GOTTLIEB
Mr. Gottlieb is the political action director of SANE. He was coordinator of the March on Washington for Peace in Vietnam of November, 1965.

The war in Vietnam had little direct impact on the 1966 elections. It has not yet bitten deeply enough into the American conscience to produce clear voting patterns. The 5,000 dead are 5,000 too many, but in a nation of 197 million relatively few families have been touched. That tight money and high prices are largely caused by the war is not yet understood by the public. The morality of destroying a people to "save" it from "communism" has so far failed to agonize even clergymen who are not already committed to the peace movement.

As an issue, Vietnam is still ambiguous. Voters feel tugged in several directions. They want to back their President, as citizens traditionally do in time of war, but they don't trust him. They want to "support the boys," but don't clearly understand what they are doing in Vietnam. They want to "stop communism," but are increasingly reluctant to pay the price. This ambiguity will disappear as the war continues. Mounting casualty lists, extensive draft calls, higher prices, and the crippling of badly needed domestic programs for a burgeoning urban population will sharpen the public mood of frustration, and America will tend to polarize as it did during Korea. There will be more people on one side who want to use more force to "get it over with," and more on the other side who simply want to get out. The climate will be ripe for major challenges to the Johnson Administration. Richard Nixon understands this: on October 31, he warned that if the war drags on indecisively, the Republican Party might be "grievously tempted" to bring forward a peace candidate for President in 1968.

In 1966, however, peace candidates still represented an idea whose time had not yet come. The Republican gains reflected no more as yet than an unfocused dissatisfaction in the country. Rep. George Brown, Jr., of California, who survived both the Republican tide and a scurrilous attack on him as a pro-Vietcong "appeaser," thinks the nation needs a redefinition of its goals. "We haven't set goals which can attract the ordinary human being," he reflected after Election Day in attempting to analyze the discontent. The average citizen may be eating well, Congressman Brown observed, but he wonders where we are going.

There is a sense of drift, and the public has lost confidence in the man at the helm. As one travels around the country, one sees that people simply don't trust Johnson. Americans of many persuasions judge him to be an operator who manipulates the truth as he manipulates people. I think many Democrats suffered defeat on November 8 in large part because the electorate is repelled by Lyndon Johnson, the man, his policies, his power and his professions. Where voters split their tickets and elected Democrats to local offices, they rejected Democratic candidates at the national level. Even in Lyndon Johnson's corner of Texas, a Republican, Sen. John Tower, carried the area for the first time.

Against this background, it is justifiable to suggest that below the surface the public senses the contradiction between the promise of a Great Society at home and a dirty war abroad, between the civil war which erupts in the streets of the ghettos and the civil war we have helped to internationalize in Vietnam.

The peace candidates who tried earlier this year to bring these connections into focus failed to achieve many electoral victories, although they reinvigorated the political process in many areas. About eighty nonincumbent peace candidates ran for Congress in 1966, stressing American initiatives to achieve a peaceful settlement in Vietnam. There were fifteen such candidates in California, thirteen in New York, nine in Pennsylvania, eight in New Jersey, four in Washington and one, two or three in nineteen other states. A handful, including Robert Scheer in California, espoused radical platforms combining a New Left critique of Ameri-

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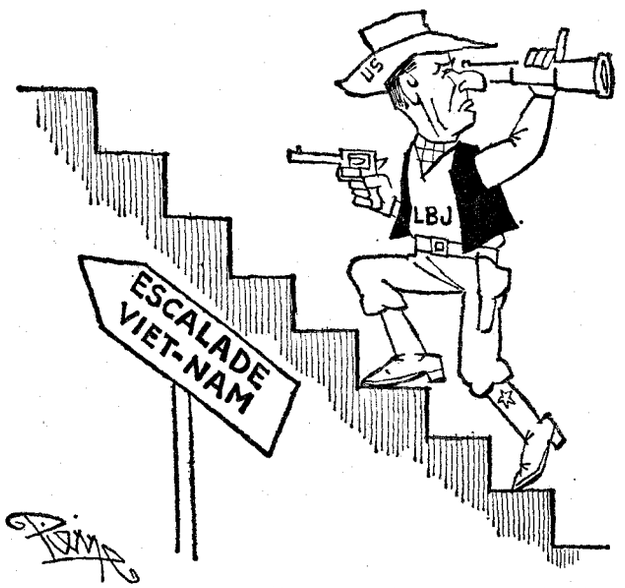
can society with calls for immediate withdrawal from Vietnam. The others, however, moved on their separate paths toward an essentially nonideological, humanist view of the world and support for U Thant's three-point program for peace in Vietnam. Most were amateurs—professors, lawyers, businessmen, writers and housewives—who had never previously run for public office. Their mere presence in the electoral arena was a phenomenon, since their candidacies were in great measure spontaneous and uncoordinated. Most ran as Democrats, a score as independents and write-ins, and a few as Republicans.

With the exception of Mark Hatfield in Oregon, who belongs in a special category, none of the major-party insurgents was elected in November. Most met defeat in the primaries, although sixteen Democratic peace candidates did survive until November. Defeated in the election, they had much company. Only two new Democrats were elected to the House outside of the South, one of them in a district previously represented by a Democrat. By now, the Democratic peace candidates tend to look much like any other defeated Democrat, especially in traditionally Republican districts. Only one independent peace candidate, Stephen Minot in Connecticut's 6th District, emerged as the balance of power between Republicans and Democrats. His 3.5 per cent of the vote caused the defeat of a lackluster pro-Administration Democratic incumbent. Except in marginal districts, independent peace candidates have little future except as outlets for a protest vote.

The peace candidates lost for reasons usually unconnected with the issue of Vietnam. Particularly in the primaries, they often lacked the manpower and organization to compete with the political machines. In New Jersey, a Senate primary campaign of several months by science writer David Frost could not begin to defeat an entrenched Democratic machine, despite Frost's considerable personal appeal, the expenditure of sizable sums of money and the help of enthusiastic volunteers. On Election Day the machine used hundreds of members of ethnic groups and city sanitation departments to "pull" voters to the polls. Frost carried communities where he was able to field volunteers,



Pierre-Aux Ecoutes, Paris: Ben Roth

"And at the same time, I must keep my eye on the voters!"

but received only 11 per cent of the state-wide vote. The machine candidate received 75 per cent, three other candidates the balance. Frost did succeed in getting Vietnam discussed before the New Jersey electorate, and convinced many people that he was more able and articulate than his opponent. But the votes eluded him. "There's no substitute for organization," he later concluded.

Moreover, in American politics a candidate's personal background, experience and fame count heavily with an electorate which is oriented more to personalities than to issues. Most of the 1966 peace candidates were unknowns. If there were any surprises during the year, it was that some peace candidates, such as James Pelley, a professor and livestock breeder in Ohio's 24th District, won contested primaries. About half of those who did so had either held or run for public office, as was the case with the two New York Reform Democrats, Ted Weiss and Melvin Dubin, who came so agonizingly close to victory.

Americans are not renowned as protest voters, especially in primaries. They tend to cast their ballots for candidates who generate a sense of trust and confidence. Aside from purely personal factors, nothing generates these like political experience.

Massachusetts was a case in point. Thomas Boylston Adams, peace candidate for the Senate in the Democratic primary, has a distinguished family name. However, his opponents, Gov. Endicott Peabody and Mayor John Collins, were political pros closer to the contemporary limelight. Adams ignored his opponents and attacked President Johnson's policies in Vietnam. His opponents ignored both Adams and Vietnam and ran traditional Massachusetts Democratic campaigns. Adams received 8.7 per cent of the total (and about the same number of votes that H. Stuart Hughes collected as an Independent in 1962). This impressed some of the local politicos and newspapers; they were surprised that so many Massachusetts Democrats were interested in world affairs.

Another handicap was the one-issue campaign. While most of the peace candidates had platforms which covered both international and domestic issues, many were publicly identified almost entirely with Vietnam. Regardless of the feelings of the voters about the war at election time, many of them were more concerned about inflation, open occupancy, tight money and big government. At the very least, they wanted a candidate who could speak knowledgeably about a wide range of subjects. A one-issue candidate makes them suspicious.

In some areas, peace candidates were hurt by the "don't-split-the-vote" reflex. This emerged in Maryland's new 8th Congressional District, where labor lawyer Seymour Spelman was a last-day entry in a field of six. Spelman quickly became one of the three top contenders. Royce Hanson, a well-known, well-liked liberal who had run before and had the backing of most of the Democratic workers, was the front runner. Mike Monroney, son of the Senator from Oklahoma and an Administration supporter on Vietnam, was runner-up. Spelman received only 7 per cent of the primary vote in a district of high educational and income levels. Hanson, who adopted a position mildly critical of the Administration after Spelman entered the race, won easily. Spelman failed to capture at least sev-

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eral thousand potential votes because many liberals were convinced that "a vote for Spelman is a vote for Monroney," and were repelled by Monroney's hard line. Hanson later succumbed to the Republican sweep in November.

Events within Vietnam did seem to have some influence on the fates of the peace candidates. On the whole, peace candidates fared better in May than in September. The May primaries were held soon after the Buddhist uprisings in South Vietnam, an event which sowed doubt among many Americans. It was not by chance that in May the get-out-of-Vietnam sentiment reached its high point in the public-opinion polls. The September primaries, on the other hand, followed by several days the Ky regime's elections in South Vietnam, an operation superbly merchandised in the United States as a great defeat for the Vietcong and a victory for representative government. This packaged optimism clearly helped the pro-Administration candidates. By November, the surviving peace candidates were swept up in the Republican tide.

However, a look at the new Congress reveals that the Republican tide by no means submerged all the doves. In the Senate, the body with the greater influence on foreign affairs, the election of three prominent Republicans has strengthened the forces favorable to a peaceful settlement in Vietnam. Mark Hatfield's victory in Oregon brings to the national stage the one man who refused to support President Johnson's Vietnam policy at the last Conference of Governors. Hatfield conclusively defeated Robert Duncan, the only pro-Administration Democrat who waged a one-issue campaign on Vietnam. He replaces Maurine Neuberger, who tended to keep private her criticisms of Administration policy. The elections of Edward Brooke in Massachusetts and Charles Percy in Illinois have replaced two Administration supporters, Leverett Saltonstall and Paul Douglas, with two moderates who favor more vigorous efforts to negotiate an end to the war. Percy attacked Douglas during the campaign for refusing to rule out the use of small nuclear weapons in Vietnam, and campaigned for an all-Asian peace conference. Brooke has opposed further escalation, stated that the National Liberation Front should be included in negotiations, and criticized the Administration for making its offers of negotiation less credible by escalating the war.

The re-election, in most cases by overwhelming margins, of Senators Bob Bartlett of Alaska, John Sherman Cooper of Kentucky, Lee Metcalf of Montana, and Claiborne Pell of Rhode Island will return to Washington a quartet of scholarly and moderate advocates of a negotiated settlement. Senator Pell received two-thirds of the vote in Rhode Island against a self-styled hawk. Sen. Thomas McIntyre's landslide victory over retired Air Force General Harrison Thyng in New Hampshire is further evidence that the voters were not accepting extremist solutions.

In the House, all the Congressmen who voted against military appropriations in 1965 and 1966—George Brown, Phillip Burton and Don Edwards of California; Edith Green of Oregon; John Conyers of Michigan; and John Dow and William F. Ryan of New York—have been re-elected. While five of these incumbents were in safe districts, Congressmen Brown and Dow went into contests where outcomes were very uncertain. This indicates that voters do not automatically punish Congressmen who vote their principles in opposing further escalation. On the other hand, among the Democrats who were defeated in the Republican sweep were sixteen who had signed one or more of the joint statements advocating restraint in Vietnam and greater efforts to reach the conference table. They were not defeated because of their stand on Vietnam, but their loss to harder-line Republicans strengthens the hawk sentiment in the House.

Yet, will it be that clear? Will the freshmen Republicans identify with Dirksen and Strom Thurmond or with Hatfield, Percy and Brooke? Will they rally 'round Lyndon Johnson's now tattered standard, or will they play the game Richard Nixon's way? Nixon wants a "strategy for victory" within a year, as well as "peace without appeasement." The shrewder Republicans will no doubt play both sides of the street. This creates a situation of greater fluidity, since many Democratic critics of the Vietnamese escalation who have now been defeated hesitated to go against the President of their own party. The Republicans will be under no comparable constraint, especially after the results of November 8. More than ever before, political pressures may now influence Administration actions in Southeast Asia.

What, then, can be learned from the 1966 elections? The first lesson would seem to be that government policy is not changed by pressure groups alone or by fledgling efforts to use the electoral machinery. If government policy is to change, it will be through constant work by pressure groups *and* by influence in at least one national party. There were pressure groups for peace before 1966; thanks to the peace candidates, there are now bridgeheads in the political party structure. During 1967 these must be buttressed and additional ones established.

If the lack of electoral victories does not lead to discouragement, we shall be able to look back at 1966 as the year the peace movement became political. Thousands of new people began to use the electoral process to bring about a change in government policy. They have gained invaluable experience, not the least of which is an understanding of the need for patient grass-roots organizing, to which peace-oriented citizens have not been attracted in the past. Yet there are no short cuts. The party machinery helps select the candidates and helps write the state party platforms. If by early 1968 the peace forces are not in position to influence both the selection of candidates and the direction of the party platforms, they will have little direct leverage on the Administration, whether they want to end this war or prevent the next one. Now is the time to lay the groundwork for the peace candidates of 1968.

Whether they work in nonpartisan pressure groups, in political parties or both, peace-oriented citizens should be looking for allies. In the past too much effort has been wasted trying to get everybody concerned to agree on all the particulars of joint efforts. What is needed is greater understanding of the separate but overlapping interests of different groups. When a member of a peace group works to end the war in Vietnam, he is also working indirectly to free the resources now consumed in that struggle for possible use in rebuilding the slums at home. When a member of a civil rights organization lobbies Congress, for aid

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in the ghettos, he is working indirectly to end the war in Vietnam. For the resources of even the wealthiest power in the world are limited.

So let each group apply its own pressure, keeping channels of communication open and exploring common action in the political field. Those candidates who stump the country in 1968 suggesting that we should do well to invest a sum equal to the $32 billion spent on Vietnam this past year on rebuilding the cities, creating mass transportation, cleaning our air and water and providing quality education for the half of our population under 25 would have a compelling—perhaps a winning—formula.

SHOWDOWN ON VITAMINS

RALPH LEE SMITH
Mr. Smith is the author of several books, among them The Bargain Hucksters *and* The Tarnished Badge *(both Crowell).*

In September the Pharmaceutical Manufacturers' Association and twelve of its member firms went into U.S. District Court in Washington, D. C., seeking a court order to prevent the Food and Drug Administration from holding public hearings on new regulations it proposes for vitamin preparations and dietary foods. This is the latest move in a little-known battle the drug industry is waging for very big stakes. Dr. Robert Shank stated before the Senate Special Committee on Aging in 1963: "Perhaps the most lucrative deception is perpetrated by nearly every distributor of vitamins and vitamin-mineral supplements." Dr. Shank is head of the Department of Preventive Medicine, Washington University, St. Louis, and chairman of the Council on Foods and Nutrition of the American Medical Association.

Vitamin deficiency is a rare condition in the United States. Less than 1 per cent of the population suffers from it, according to expert medical testimony received by the Federal Trade Commission in its recent cases against two leading vitamin-mineral products, Geritol and Vitasafe. "All of the nutrients that man requires are found in ordinary 'everyday' foods readily available in all parts of the country the year around," says the American Medical Association. "It is not necessary to memorize the details of the nutrient composition of foods in order to achieve a nutritionally adequate diet. Simply choose foods from the four basic food groups: milk, meat, vegetable-fruit, and bread and cereals. These foods offer us a wide variety and assure us the basis of a healthful diet."

"The American food supply," says the Food and Drug Administration, "is unsurpassed in volume, variety and nutritional value. In fact, Americans have to go out of their way, nutritionally speaking, to avoid being well nourished." Dr. James L. Goddard, commissioner of Food and Drugs, notes that in economically depressed areas some families do not have a varied or plentiful supply of foods, but that, as a simple medical fact, this rarely appears to result in failure of such persons to secure basic nutritional requirements. And he sees food-distribution programs, not vitamin pills, as the answer to such needs as exist.

Under these circumstances, the sale of about $300 million worth of vitamins and vitamin-mineral preparations a year, often at immensely inflated prices, to people who almost never need them, is a marvel of modern merchandising. To achieve it, the drug industry has invested heavily in advertising and public education.

The approach has involved the subtle use of a well-proved combination—fear and reward. The fear part of the campaign warns people that if they do not take vitamins they may be risking insidious, undetectable dietary deficiencies—and who in his right mind would take such a risk when it can so easily be avoided? Dr. Walter A. Compton, executive vice president of Miles Laboratories, distributors of One-a-Day multi-vitamins, informed the Senate Committee on Aging in 1963 that people who fail to take vitamin pills are risking serious consequences and that "our company and other reputable pharmaceutical firms serve the public by recommending for their use and marketing multiple vitamin preparations." "The average person has no way of knowing how good his diet is," the National Vitamin Foundation agrees dolefully, and recommends vitamin pills as "insurance." The industry-financed foundation bears about the same relationship to the vitamin business that the Tobacco Industry Research Council bears to the tobacco industry.

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The reward for using vitamins is the alleged therapeutic value that the ads often state or imply. Among other things, vitamins have been offered to help cure symptoms of fatigue—Geritol's "tired bood" is an affliction well known to the air waves, if not to the medical schools. They are also said to promote feelings of pep, health and well-being. A TV commercial for Squibb's Vigran multi-vitamins shows a handsome young man jogging through a park in an early morning workout. Superimposed on the picture, and in time with his stride, are the letters VIGRAN, going up and down like pistons.

The messages are drummed home with large advertising budgets. In January, 1965, Miles Laboratories stated that its ad budget for the year was $8 million, and that it planned to spend $2 million to promote a single product, One-a-Day Plus Iron Tablets. The Federal Trade Commission, in its case against the Vitasafe company, found that the firm's annual gross business was $9 million, of which $3.5 million was spent for advertising. Advertising figures for Geritol are hard to come by; its distributor, the J.B. Williams Company, does not disclose sales or earnings. In 1962, *Advertising Age* estimated the Geritol ad budget at $6 million. In all instances, of course, the cost of advertising is incorporated into the price of the product. In the late Senator Kefauver's memorable phrase, the people pay for their own brainwashing.

Another cost borne by the purchasers of the products is the struggle that the industry, and many firms in it, have put up to avoid federal regulation of their activities and claims. Any company or industry that has both the will and the money can fight running battles with federal authorities over many months or years while continuing the lucrative practices to which the government has objected. Many drug firms have the will, and needless to say, they have the money.

Thus, it took a complicated series of actions by three government agencies—the Food and Drug Administration, the Post Office Department and the Federal Trade Commission—extending from 1957 to 1966, to curb effectively the therapeutic claims that were being made for Vitasafe capsules. A final ruling has yet to be handed down in the case against the distributors of Geritol, initiated by the Federal Trade Commission in 1962. After lengthy and complex hearings, the FTC ordered the firm in October, 1965, to stop representing that all cases of tiredness, loss of strength, run-down feeling, nervousness and irritability indicate a deficiency of iron and that Geritol is an effective remedy for these symptoms. "The inescapable conclusion," said FTC chairman, Paul Rand Dixon, "is that the number of people in the total population who are tired because of iron or vitamin deficiency is infinitesimally small." Geritol promptly appealed the FTC ruling to the courts and announced that meanwhile it would continue its fabulously successful advertising themes. This means more years of grace for "tired blood."

Another problem is the composition of multi-vitamin and vitamin-mineral preparations. Whatever may be motivating the scientists who dream these pills up, it does not seem to be the facts of medical science. In almost every instance the formulas bear no relationship to the realities of diet or of dietary deficiency. Vitamin and vitamin-mineral products now on the market, the FDA said in June, 1966, "contain as many as seventy-five ingredients. Only a few of these ingredients have any real value as food supplements." Most of the products, FDA went on, contain more than a reasonable amount of some nutrients and less than a reasonable amount of others. This was strongly confirmed by the American Medical Association's Council on Foods and Nutrition. Checking 1,000 vitamin preparations listed in *The American Drug Index*, the council found that 993 exceeded the council's recommendations in either the amounts or the kinds of certain vitamins or vitamin-mineral combinations. "Only seven preparations," says Dr. Philip L. White, secretary of the council, "were considered to be rational."

A product called Nutri-Bio, which was launched about 1960 and which had achieved $8 million sales volume by 1961, had listed on its label more than thirty ingredients, for over half of which the need in human nutrition has not been established. "There is no reason," Dr. White stated, "for including most of the ingredients." The product was hawked on a door-to-door basis, with purchasers being required to buy a six-months' supply. Two items were offered: Nutri-Bio Vitamin and Mineral Tablets at $24; and Nutri-Bio Protein Tablets at $15.50. Thus, a family of four that purchased both items for the whole family would pay $316 a year.

Vice president in charge of nutritional research for the

VITAMIN	PRICE PER 100 TABLETS			
	Squibb	Eli Lilly	Drug Guild	Hudson Vitamin
(1) Thiamin Chloride (Vitamin B_1) 50 mg. Tablets	$2.25	$2.55	$ .65	$ .65
(2) Thiamin Chloride (Vitamin B_1) 100 mg. Tablets	4.05	4.50	.85	.85
(3) Ascorbic Acid (Vitamin C) 100 mg. Tablets	1.20	1.40	.44	.45
(4) Pyridoxine (Vitamin B_6) 25 mg. Tablets	3.00	5.67	1.35	.75
(5) Riboflavin (Vitamin B_2) 5 mg. Tablets	1.17	1.30	.59*	.40
(6) Vitamin A 25,000 Units	4.09	3.65	.75	.75
(7) Vitamin E 100 Int'l. Units	6.00	6.50	1.95	1.95

*for 10 mg. tablets (twice as much)

The chart above shows recent retail prices for a number of identical vitamin products sold under four different brand names. Drug Guild is a brand name used for the distribution of drugs at moderate prices to drug outlets in the New York metropolitan area. Hudson Vitamin Products is a national mail-order firm. Food and Drug Administration inspections insure that there is no variation in either the content or the quality of the products.

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firm was the movie and TV star Bob Cummings. A stock prospectus filed by the company with the Securities and Exchange Commission listed his salary as $76,641 a year, plus $7,453 set aside under the firm's profit-sharing plan. Another valued executive was Mrs. Cummings; her salary was listed at $76,141. Each of the Cummings' five children, most of whom were under 10 years of age, was on the payroll at $166 per month.

This racket was apparently not designed for a long voyage. In 1963, Cummings severed his connections with the firm and sold his stock; by 1965, Nutri-Bio was bankrupt, and its name and assets were acquired by a new group. FDA's latest record shows the seizure by FDA inspectors in May, 1966, of $9,404 worth of Nutri-Bio and Baby Bio on charges that they were deficient in vitamins A and C.

In 1962 the Food and Drug Administration had decided that the situation required a broader approach than individual actions against firms in the field. Back in 1941, FDA had promulgated regulations governing the labeling of vitamins, multi-vitamin preparations, and vitamin-mineral supplements. Since then, great strides had been taken in scientific knowledge of nutrition, and even greater strides had been taken in the technique of selling such products despite prevailing medical knowledge. FDA now proposed new regulations. Among other things, these would have prohibited claims of special dietary value for ingredients not recognized as essential in human nutrition. For pills containing perishable nutrients, the rules would have required an expiration date on the label. The industry rose up in arms and the rules were never applied.

In June of this year, FDA returned to the problem, issuing a new and more extensive set of proposed regulations. These rules incorporate the old ones, and contain additional positive provisions to assure buyers that they are getting something medically rational. "In order to be labeled 'Multi-Vitamin Supplement,' " the proposed rules state, "a product *must* contain Vitamin A, Vitamin D, ascorbic acid (Vitamin C), thiamine (Vitamin B_1), riboflavin (Vitamin B_2) and niacin, and *may* include Vitamin E, Vitamin B_6, folic acid, pantothenic acid, and/or Vitamin B_{12}. A 'Mineral Supplement' must contain calcium and iron, and may include phosphorus, magnesium, copper, and/or iodine. A 'Multi-Vitamin and Mineral Supplement' must contain all of the required ingredients and may contain any of the optional ones."

The proposed rules also specify minimum and maximum amounts of each ingredient that such pills may contain. Among the practices the provision would prevent is loading pills with immense amounts of relatively inexpensive nutrients, while failing to include, or including in insufficient quantity, more costly ingredients. "The content of most vitamin-mineral supplements now on the market will have to be changed to conform to the published standards," says FDA. "Most supplements now exceed the maximum amounts allowed to them in some respects and contain less than the required minimum amounts in other respects."

Another stipulation of the proposed rules would require the labels of vitamin preparations to carry a notice to the effect that "vitamins and minerals are supplied in abundant amounts by the foods we eat. . . . Except for persons with special medical needs, there is no scientific basis for recommending routine use of dietary supplements." (It should be noted that several members of the Food and Nutrition Board of the National Research Council have expressed reservations about the exact wording of the label. Dr. Goddard has stated that he believes an acceptable wording can be worked out.)

The industry took one look at the proposed rules and fled in collective horror to its attorneys. The Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association has made the first move in trying to block public hearings. It's going to be a long, hard fight, with the public paying for every bit of it.

LETTERS (*continued from page 562*)

fies the kind of people apparently excluded from the Fulbright scholarship's beneficence. (Also, William Faulkner was in fact a Fulbright lecturer, not a scholar.) Third, when Handlin says that British stipends give £6 per week and American £15, he unscrupulously juggles statistics, dividing the total British sum (£325) into a fifty-two-week calendar year, and the American (£558) into a thirty-five-or-so-week academic year; and as I said in the earlier article, the English could take formal jobs where we (sans a working permit) could not. Since Handlin did not attempt to live on the stipend, he is simply not qualified to judge its adequacy—unlike immigrants long deceased, we Fulbrights are able to speak for ourselves. That the program is no longer supported by war debts, even as part of "joint contributions," is news to me (as the executive secretary himself told me it was, at dinner on Feb. 16, 1965); and may I trust that my other proposals, which Handlin indicatively does not dispute, will become realities with equal haste.

What irritates me more about Handlin's letter are, first, its moral premise and, second, his own damned presumptuousness. His irate tone ("particular [*sic*] poor grace") presumes that the poor should never complain about relief, solely and simply because they are recipients of a government dole. (Need I say more?) Second, he claims to know more about my life than I do. Of the two "people with whom [I] chiefly came into contact at the commission," I happened to meet one, the most eminent (Cleanth Brooks), only once; and how I spent my own money or where it came from would interest only an incipient totalitarian—the sort who would also feel inclined to revise the facts of history to his own convenience. Finally, contrary to what Handlin tells me about myself, I did not at all suffer "unhappiness in London," but many of the discomforts that all the scholars felt I would attribute to needless deficiencies in the Fulbright program. Either the program reforms itself or it earns an increasingly bad name.

Richard Kostelanetz

The Nation dissociates itself from all passages in the above letter which characterize Oscar Handlin, deprecate his behavior or ascribe motives to him.—*Editors*

eyes right

Trenton, N.J.

DEAR SIRS: At a time when we hear so much about left-wing infiltration of the mass media, it is interesting to read Francis Pollock's convincing evidence ["Junkets to Apartheid: America's Press on Safari," *The Nation*, Nov. 7] that so righteous a government as that of South Africa is attempting to buy favorable opinion with free trips to American journalists. *Christopher E. Fullman*

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

What Shall A Moral Man Do?

CHRISTOPHER LASCH

Mr. Lasch is a member of the History Department at Northwestern University. His most recent book is The New Radicalism in America 1889-1963: The Intellectual as a Social Type *(Knopf).*

Last February a book was published called *The Psychology of Power,* by R. V. Sampson, lecturer in politics at the University of Bristol.* The book appeared in England in 1965. Neither there nor in the United States did it cause much of a stir. In the United States, in fact, it has been almost ignored. I do not propose to "review" the book so much as to call attention to its existence, and beyond that, to try to formulate a position about some of the questions it raises. One of the difficulties in the way of the book's acceptance is that it is not blindingly original. Herbert Marcuse's *One-Dimensional Man* is a more thoroughgoing and brilliant attack on positivism than Sampson's, and Philip Rieff's *Freud, The Mind of the Moralist,* a more incisive critique of the moral and political implications of psychoanalysis. *The Psychology of Power* tells us something about the history of the family, and that alone would have justified its publication; but its principal importance lies not in its contributions to scholarship but in its powerful assault on the moral sensibilities of the reader. It is a book that calls the reader to account, asking him, with maddening insistence, whether the truth about certain moral questions is quite so complicated or obscure as he likes to pretend.

The book belongs to a literary genre once common but now altogether unfamiliar. It is neither history nor political theory nor sociology nor, in spite of its title, psychology. Nor is it another essay "for our times," a free-wheeling series of speculations about the contemporary "crisis," dazzlingly dressed up in fashionable despair. *The Psychology of Power* is not a despairing book, it is not even something which can be recognized and recommended as a "disturbing" book—of which we have had so many—one that clamors for attention, a book intended to shock and titillate at the same time. Sampson has something more serious in mind; but it is so seldom, these days, that anyone tries to be serious in this vein that readers hoping to be "shocked out of their complacency," or confronted with a startling new interpretation which "challenges our previous understanding of the subject," will turn away from the book in disappointment.

The book is not "for our times"; it is not even, exactly, an essay. It sticks quite closely to certain illustrative material, mostly 19th-century documents relating to the family; yet it is not principally concerned with interpreting these documents. It does not try to examine them exhaustively, as a historian would; nor does it subject them to "criticism." The book therefore gives an initial impression of thinness, of a want of allusion, resonance and depth. We have come to expect a critic and scholar to declare his primary allegiance to the materials which it is presumably the obligation of scholarship to interpret and explain. Sampson is not interested in interpretation except as it advances his other purposes. It is hard for us to remember, in the age of critical scholarship, that there is anything else to be interested in.

JOHN STUART MILL

"The blessed are the poor and humble and those who are ill-used by the world."

The Psychology of Power is a philosophical inquiry into the subject of human equality, or inequality, but very few academic philosophers would recognize it as philosophy. Philosophers, indeed, of all specialists, will least admire this work. Part of Sampson's subject, in fact, is precisely the decay of philosophy, and his treatment of this theme incidentally explains why his book will not be popular. Until the 19th century, he contends, philosophers argued about the moral premises from which conclusions were to be drawn. They argued, for instance, about the moral basis of political power. Did power derive from authority, from contract, or from the "consent of the governed"? Could any government which rested on force be said to be legitimate?

But within the last hundred years, according to Sampson, philosophers have agreed not to discuss questions about which it is impossible objectively to agree. They have chosen to regard moral questions as by definition questions of opinion, relative to time and place, and hence as improper subjects for philosophy. People in North America believe one thing, people in the Trobriand Islands another. Given the relativity of morals, philosophers now confine themselves to applying the techniques of logical and linguistic analysis to the working out of various premises, whatever the premises happen to be, without attempting to judge the merits of the premises themselves. A political philosopher, in Sampson's words,

> . . . will scrutinize the way in which people use their political vocabulary, make recommendations to secure greater precision of usage, expose internal inconsistencies in argument, and bring into the open concealed or suppressed premises. The one thing that is definitely outside the competence of the logician of language are [*sic*] questions of truth or falsity in the sense of the ultimate appropriateness of any specific political theory.

The test of a given policy is whether or not it promotes the national interest, whatever the national interest happens to be. What this comes to in practice, according to Sampson, is that the test of realism becomes "the balance of opinion . . . among the people whose working lives are spent in investigating and handling the affairs in question." The test of policy, in other words, becomes the consensus among precisely the people most directly involved in making it. Realism is what they have agreed to regard as realistic; and if anyone doubts the appropriateness of such a test, the experts duly remind him, in the worn phrase of which they are so inordinately fond, that politics is the "art of the possible."

Recommendations which do not begin with the experts' own definition of what is possible automatically become idealistic and utopian. And although disagreements,

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sometimes sharp disagreements, can arise over the policies by which the national interest is to be promoted, objections to current policy must themselves be referred to the realism of the decision makers. It is possible for Hans J. Morgenthau and other realists to condemn the war in Vietnam on the ground that it is futile, in the long run, for the United States to oppose the dominant role which Communist China is bound to play in Southeast Asia, and on the further ground that American troops cannot indefinitely police the world. These objections, however, leave undisturbed the ruling premise that American troops ought to police those parts of the world in which the country has an acknowledged and unambiguous interest — the Caribbean, for example.

In this way Walter Lippmann, in May, 1965, had to accept the logic of his position and countenance American intervention in Santo Domingo, arguing afterward only that the danger on which it was based—the danger of a Communist "takeover"—had been shown never to have existed. This particular intervention was thereby discredited in the minds of Lippmann, Senator Fulbright, and other liberals, but their objections presumably left the door open for further interventions, in the American sphere of interest, wherever a Communist threat could be shown indisputably to exist.

The argument between the Administration and its critics—grateful as one must be to the critics for raising any questions at all—boils down to a disagreement, necessarily confined to experts, about the boundaries of the American sphere of interest, and the danger, in particular cases, that Communists will acquire territory formerly defined as part of the area of freedom. The Administration contends that American interests are at stake in Vietnam. This may be absurd—it was certainly absurd to begin with, if it meant that American military security depended on a base in Vietnam—yet the continuing effect of American intervention seems to be creating interests in Vietnam, national or otherwise, the fact of which in turn becomes the justification for more intervention.

In any case, the argument about national interests — quite apart from its tendency to confuse the interests of certain rich and powerful individuals with the interests of the nation as a whole—furnishes no basis on which to insist on the immorality, the essential inhumanity of American policy in Vietnam, in Santo Domingo, in Watts and in many other parts of the world. The arguments of the pragmatic realists implicitly concede the point that more than any other needs to become the object of unremitting attack

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ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

. . . did not escape from her father's domination by appealing to his conscience but by defying him.

—that napalm, the destruction of crops, the destruction of villages, the "pacification" of peoples are justified under any circumstances at all.

These examples, drawn from American debate, are my own, but they illustrate the truth of Sampson's contention that moral empiricism—"realism"—has come to dominate political discussion. Given the triumph of "objective" analysis, those who insist on the relevance of moral issues to politics invite the ridicule of reasonable men. But this is itself ridiculous, Sampson argues: how ridiculous, he tries to show by laying bare the philosophical assumptions—and beyond those, the social and psychological upheavals — which underlie the modern tendency to dissociate ethical judgments from objective reality: the decline, Sampson notes, of the "metaphysical debate."

The debate having declined, it is difficult for any writer to pick it up again: given the definition of reality as empirical objectivity, it is impossible in a strict sense to resurrect a debate which it is the whole purpose of empiricism to bury. One has to make an *ad hominem* attack: empiricism itself is subjective, an ideology in the sense that it serves the interests of those who wish to believe it. The triumph of ethical empiricism, according to Sampson, paralleled the decline of social conflict in Western society. The plausibility of empiricism "is clearly dependent on the absence of fundamental divisions of an ideological character within a given culture." The view that "when we speak of moral principles, we can rationally mean nothing more than that certain rules of conduct are observed with a greater or lesser degree of statistical uniformity at a given time and place"—this view naturally commends itself to homogeneous societies which have outlasted the wracking social conflicts of the 19th century and evolved into internally peaceable welfare states.

Tolerance, no doubt, is one of the intellectual virtues of such communities; but Sampson wants to make us understand the social and moral price, as it were, that has been paid for tolerance. He wants us to see not only what is obvious, that moral tolerance has usually been achieved by downgrading morality —by lowering the degree of ethical aspiration — but to see what is not so obvious: that liberal empiricism, claiming at last to have discovered an objective basis for philosophy, is in fact no more politically or morally neutral than other doctrines which make no claim to neutrality. "It is itself an intervention in the political debate. For while such a view is compatible with the liberal or pragmatic political stance, it is not compatible with the stand of Christians, Marxists or humanists. In these instances, the metaphysical framework requires every belief to be certified as valid in the sense of being grounded in objective reality"—and not merely certified by their being widely regarded as valid at a given time and place. "A verification principle that defines evidence in such a way as to make it coterminous with sense data, stands itself in need of verification."

In an article on "Soviet Ideology" (*Soviet Studies,* July, 1966), David Joravsky provides a succinct and workable definition of ideology. "When we call a belief ideological, we are saying at least three things about it: although it is unverified or unverifiable, it is accepted as verified by a particular group, because it performs social functions for that group."

(He adds the important corollary that it is impossible to analyze ideology, given this definition, without engaging in *ad hominem* arguments. "In analysing group beliefs the sociologist cannot avoid taking sides—or making them—for he cannot avoid accusations of ideology. Even if he is purely rational, rational discourse between him and the group he is studying will be as unlikely as it is between men of opposed ideologies." Joravsky is talking about the difficulty of rational—i.e., nonideological—conversation between Soviet and Western scholars, but the same observations apply to conversations between ethical empiricists and those who insist on the objectivity of certain moral beliefs.)

According to Sampson, ethical empiricism is an ideology in this sense. It rests on the unverified assertion that moral sentiments have no objective basis (a point to which I shall return). It accepts this unverified assertion as verified; and it performs certain functions for the liberal and civilized people who believe it—namely, the perpetuation of a state of toleration of which they are the principal benefici-

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aries, and beyond that, the perpetuation of the entire social order to which they owe so many of their privileges and pleasures. The effort by T. D. Weldon, a British philosopher of politics, to devalue the logical status of "foundations" to the level of recommended or agreed upon conventions, shorn of objective standing, serves Sampson as an example of the ideological basis of the view that all moral ideas are subjectively determined:

> It is not difficult to understand why this view should have commended itself to someone in Weldon's position. He was a member of a homogeneous, tolerant, essentially satisfied social class. The ascendancy of the class was marked by prestige, power and prosperity, and it could afford to be and is liberal, civilized, urbane. Essentially three facets of experience sharply impressed him: (1) the freedom of discussion and the comparative ease with which the sources of differences of opinion could be disentangled among people within his culture; (2) the corresponding magnitude of the difficulty of arriving at common conclusions with people from a different but powerful culture in the Communist world; (3) the irreconcilability of this conflict suggesting the advisability of an agreement to disagree with mutual avoidance of proselytism.

American debate (which Sampson, in the main, does not discuss) abounds in equivalent examples. George F. Kennan is a more attractive spokesman for this position than some of the other realists because there has never been the slightest doubt about the decency or intellectual integrity behind his work. No one has spoken more convincingly than Kennan about the need for "mutual avoidance of proselytism." Listening to his Norton lectures at Harvard in 1961, Edmund Wilson took heart at this sign of a "revival of relativistic intelligence." At the same time Wilson noted the outraged reaction of one member of the audience, that Kennan "didn't seem to know the difference between right and wrong."

Faced with a choice between Bostonian dogmatism—democracy is right, communism is wrong—and Kennan's skeptical relativism, our sympathies automatically go out to the latter (which is precisely why it is so important that a book like Sampson's be read by liberals). We automatically wish to declare ourselves on the side of liberalism, civilization and urbanity. Yet these values, as we know, are by no means incompatible with acts of inhumanity. To the degree to which Western liberal culture still rests on the exploitation of colonial peoples, they may even depend on acts of inhumanity. The undeniable element of proselytism in American foreign policy, together with the existence of a fanatically righteous and increasingly powerful Right, makes it hard for us to see that ethical objectivity may pose an even greater danger than proselytism. But if we recall the writings of Herman Kahn—one of many examples to which one can point—the dangers of "objectivity" seem less remote and abstract.

Far from being proselytes and moralistic crusaders, Kahn and the other strategists of escalation have no interest at all in the moral and ideological debate between communism and the West. If they found themselves on the other side, they would presumably be writing and saying the same things they are saying now. Their sole concern is national survival—it hardly makes any difference which nation. The trouble with George Kennan's political relativism, tolerant and civilized as it is, is that in grounding itself on considerations of national interest (as opposed to moralistic crusading), it becomes ethically indistinguishable from the "realism" of Herman Kahn. If Kahn has taught us how to think about the unthinkable, so in his own way has Kennan, because there is nothing in Kennan's philosophy to suggest that some efforts on behalf of the national interest ought to be considered morally impermissible—indeed, that the very idea of the national interest may be a moral abomination. (To be sure, Kennan on at least one occasion [an article that appeared in *The Atlantic* in the late fifties] has argued that the use of nuclear weapons might be considered un-Christian. But this consideration is extrinsic to Kennan's realism, an intrusion of moral issues that cannot be reconciled with a philosophy of international relations which argues that the national interest is the standard against which everything else has to be weighed.)

On the contrary, it is precisely moral considerations which the political realists blame for the shortcomings of American policy in the past. Hans Morgenthau, as Sampson notes, has gone so far as to say: "The moralistic detractors of the national interest are guilty of both intellectual and moral perversion." It would be hard to find a more striking illustration of the "decline of the metaphysical debate."

The realism of Kennan and Morgenthau who today criticize the war in Vietnam, not only blends imperceptibly into the realism of Kahn, who has outlined a strategy for its escalation; it also keeps us from experiencing, as a moral fact, the geopolitical fact with which we are all so familiar, that the West represents historically an island of physical well-being in an otherwise wretched world. It is in this respect that realism is most fully an ideology: it blinds itself to the way in which an ethic of moral relativity, of live and let live, serves the interests of the privileged, educated, white Americans who subscribe to it. It serves their interests not only by its built-in insistence on "orderly" change in parts of the world where orderly changes mean no changes at all. More important, it does so by the mood of moral relaxation which it induces in those who subscribe to it—a weary, sophisticated sense of the world as an inherently imperfect place which serves to insulate us from the moral horrors in the midst of which we live. Not yet the direct victims of these horrors, we can experience them only with an effort of the imagination. But it is precisely this imaginative effort that the prevailing tolerance, the sense of the world's imperfections, the denigration of moral enthusiasm, all serve to thwart. Since these attitudes serve so well to diminish the critical sense, one is justified in asking whether that is not the reason for their popularity.

If one is to insist on the ideological basis of moral empiricism, one must also show that its tenets are unverified or unverifiable. Sampson accordingly asks us to believe that one moral principle is universal and objectively based, namely, the idea of equality; and that the counter-

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assertion—that moral issues are mere *opinions*—has been accepted as valid not because it has been shown to be valid but because people desperately need to believe that it is. The strategy of this argument will disappoint those who expect Sampson to set about "proving" his case by showing that equality has been universally upheld as a norm (as some writers, for instance, have tried to prove the universality of incest taboos). His appeal is to the reader's conscience rather than to his hunger for empirical demonstration. The argument for the universality of the sense of equality turns out to be merely a restatement of the *ad hominem* case against empiricism, that empiricism functions as a mechanism of resistance which enables us to conceal from ourselves what we really know to be true. "The truth is not complex or difficult to know or relative but very simple."

The truth, Sampson argues—whatever we may say or do—is that every person has a right to be recognized as a moral agent capable of living his own life, and that when by the sheer superiority of our power over other people we deny them that right, we commit an immoral act. The truth, as John Stuart Mill wrote in his *Essay On Liberty*, is that "the blessed are the poor and humble, and those who are ill-used by the world," and "that if [we] would be perfect [we] should sell all that [we] have and give it to the poor." But the truth, Sampson maintains, "when stated so lucidly and unequivocally is felt to make impossible demands upon us. Therefore the need is great to deny that this can be truth." (Even the Nazis had to invent rationalizations for genocide.) Or, more precisely: "People . . . waver between asserting these things to be true in a mechanical verbalistic fashion without any underlying conviction and affirming that because they cut across the grain of 'human nature,' that is, what they themselves want to do, they cannot be true." As Kierkegaard put it, in a passage quoted by Sampson in commenting on the passage from Mill, the "tolerance of the orthodox"—that is, the idea of moral relativity—derives from the simple fact that what people "really desire" is "to have a good time in this world."

Of course none of these statements proves anything. And in any case, the reader may ask, how can we accept the assertion that equality is universally held up as a moral good, when inequality is universally the practice? Sampson replies that inequality is the general practice because there is invariably something important to be gained from treating people as unequal—it fills the pocket or puffs up the self-esteem. Treating people unequally, in other words, accords with what we want to do, it accords with having "a good time in this world." But the conflict between what we want to do and what we know we ought to do is unbearable. Hence we have to rationalize what we want to do by inventing moral justifications for it. Hence the appearance, in the world, of ethical pluralism: people's rationalizations vary. This is still no answer to the demand for empirical proof.

Instead of answering his questions, Sampson appeals to the reader's conscience and to his sense of history as a history of exploitation. The reader is asked to admit to the conflict between his sense of injustice and his desire to enjoy the good things of life undisturbed by thoughts of the life that most people are forced to lead. He is also asked imaginatively to confront the spectacle of millions of other people, throughout history, faced with the same conflict and resolving it in the same way. Common-sense conservatism would have us believe that inequality is a natural phenomenon, the inevitable result of the malapportionment of brains, strength, or beauty; the result of sheer bad luck; or, more subtly, of the ingrained and unchangeable lust for power, which assures that some people will always prey on others. Sampson, in common with a long line of radical thinkers, wants us to see inequality as historically determined —the sum of innumerable individual and collective choices, conscious or otherwise. Inequality comes about because some people derive advantages from dominating others; but the very pervasiveness of the fact of domination makes it seem that the urge to dominate is a psychological constant, a given, a permanent part of human nature, like sexuality, which can be superficially modified but never eliminated.

This psychological issue is the heart of Sampson's argument. "The question presents itself as central and inescapable: how rigid, how susceptible to modification is this disposition to inequality?" Since so much of Sampson's argument in one way or another depends on a sense of people's apparently unlimited capacity for self-deception, it is natural that he should turn for "a psychological base from which to theorize" to the authority of Freud, for psychoanalysis is the most thorough and devastating critique of self-deception that exists. Like Philip Rieff, Sampson argues that one of Freud's blind spots was the psychology of women; more generally, his inability to see love except as an aspect of authority. "The human being's natural capacity to love derives, according to Freud, from the original primacy of emotions of dependence and submission," that is, from the Oedipus complex which in "normal" adults gives way to a freer love, still grounded, however, in earlier, dependent relationships. Freud's remarks on John Stuart Mill, quoted at length by Sampson, show the extent to which Freud conceived of the sexual relation as a relation of unequals. In a letter to his fiancée (November 5, 1883), Freud praises Mill as "perhaps the man of the century who best managed to free himself from the domination of customary prejudices" and then rebukes Mill, in Sampson's words, "for his supreme achievement in unmasking the most disastrous of prejudices to which Freud succeeded in clinging his life long"—the natural inferiority of women. Freud's letter continues:

> In [Mill's] whole presentation it never emerges that women are different be-

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ings—we will not say lesser, rather the opposite—from men. He finds the suppression of women an analogy to that of Negroes. Any girl, even without a suffrage or legal competence, whose hand a man kisses and for whose love he is prepared to dare all, could have set him right. . . . It is possible that changes in upbringing may suppress all a woman's tender attributes, needful of protection and yet so victorious, and that she can then earn a livelihood like men. It is also possible that in such an event one would not be justified in mourning the passing away of the most delightful thing the world can offer us —our ideal of womanhood. I believe that all reforming action in law and education would break down in front of the fact that, long before the age at which a man can earn a position in society, Nature has determined woman's destiny through beauty, charm and sweetness.

These bourgeois prejudices, Sampson argues, come out unmistakably in Freud's own courtship and marriage. It might be added that Freud's prejudice is shown in his whole psychology of women, a view which is now for the most part discredited. (As an example of the remarkable insensitivity of many psychoanalysts to questions of sexual equality—an insensitivity, needless to say, which is not peculiar to psychoanalysis—Ernest Jones, in whose biography of Freud this letter first appeared, adds the following comment, from the lofty pinnacle of the superior insight into these matters afforded by the science of modern psychology: "In exculpation [!] of Mill one should mention that his wife is supposed to have been the main author of the book in question.")

The point of this discussion, however, is not to score points against Freud, whose "position in intellectual history," Sampson thinks, "is secure." The point is that "since the sexual relationship is the most important of all human relations . . . an error at this point is bound to distort the total picture of man's psychic possibilities." Sampson tries to document this assertion by examining a number of 19th-century case histories—Elizabeth Barrett, Samuel Butler, John Stuart Mill himself—which illustrate the corrupting influence of sexual inequality and the tendency of this corruption to spread to every other kind of relationship. The subjection of women, Sampson argues, perpetuates itself from one generation to the next, in the form of the paternal tyranny so vividly recorded by these writers, but also, more insidiously, in the form of the feminine will to power, thwarted in the mother and transferred to her children. More precisely, the will to power derives in the first place from the frustration, particularly in women, of the will to freedom. "As Mill correctly sees [in his classic polemic, *The Subjection of Women*], the female who is denied by birth the normal freedom permitted to persons born as males will seek power as a surrogate." What Mill did not see was that the will to power led women to conspire in their own subjection, a fact which has always embarrassed feminists because it seems to imply that the injustices of which they complain are largely imaginary. The denial of freedom to women, according to Sampson, and their pursuit of power as a compensation, lead them to comply with the very system that thwarts their wish to control their own lives—the system of relationships founded on dominance and dependence. "Women, denied the rewards of psychic freedom, develop a strong interest in preserving such opportunities for psychic power as they have been able to forge for themselves." And these opportunities for power generally take the form of intense vicarious ambitions for their offspring.

The life of Mill's father, James Mill, vividly illustrates the process. The child of a poor Scottish shoemaker and a restless, ambitious woman who resented her husband's lowly status and compensated for it by visiting her ambitions on her son, James Mill became a successful man in the world's terms. In turn he became a perfect example of the dominating parent, subjecting his son to the famous course of studies that was to make John Stuart Mill a worthy successor to himself. It was out of this experience, and the nervous crisis to which it led him at the age of 20, that John Stuart Mill eventually struggled to the triumphant conclusion that "the desire for power over others can only cease to be a depraving agency among mankind, when each of them individually is able to do without it: which can only be where respect for liberty in the personal concerns of each is an established principle."

The fact that Mill, Butler and Elizabeth Barrett did, in the end, win through to a realization of their own victimization does not vitiate the argument that the whole process tends to repeat itself from generation to generation. What is important is the searing struggle which taxed the limits of their resources and would have defeated those with no such resources on which to draw. What is important, in short, is the price these people had to pay for such freedom as they managed to achieve; freedom, in any case, which is always qualified to the degree to which rebellion ends, as it did in Samuel Butler, not as an unambiguous assertion of the corrupting influence of power but as a cynical mockery of all pretensions, which allowed Butler to rest in the knowledge that "for most men, and most circumstances, pleasure—tangible, material prosperity in this world—is the safest test of virtue."

Nor can it be objected that in deliberately choosing extreme examples of domination, Sampson has ignored all the evidence that would have refuted his theory. The purpose of these extreme examples is to force us to recognize the persistence of authoritarianism beneath the rhetoric of equality in which family life is clothed in the 20th century. The family has admittedly changed since Victorian times, and it may even be that these changes tend toward equality; yet honesty compels us to admit that the patterns revealed, in exaggerated form, by these 19th-century biographies are familiar today. Many readers could doubtless testify to fresh outrages of their own.

Sampson has not established as an indisputable fact of history that the inequality of the sexes is the root of all evil, but the hypothesis certainly merits consideration. We might modify it to say that the new phase of family life, in which the family became increasingly isolated from the rest of the world—a change which seems to have taken place in the 18th century—intensified the struggle for power at the same time that it gave rise to the ideal of sexual equality, the former tending to corrupt the latter. In this form, the hypothesis might help to clarify the ambiguities of the feminist movement and of the "sexual revolution" which is supposed to have

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taken place within the last hundred years. Whatever else it may be, *The Psychology of Power* is an important contribution to historical analysis.

It claims to be, and is, much more than that. Read with sympathy by readers who hold in suspension the impulse, prompted by uneasiness, to cavil at every point, it is the kind of book that quickens our sense of injustice and reminds us of the degree to which we deceive ourselves into accepting a debased moral currency as if it represented a real standard of value. I have written at such length about the book not only because it is a compelling statement of the pacifist position—a position which it is too easy for "reasonable" men to dismiss—but because, quite apart from the merits of pacifism, it confronts us head-on with a challenge to our motives in dismissing it. Pacifism may or may not make political sense, but the fact remains that our common-sense objections to this and other varieties of political idealism—our eagerness to subscribe to the axiom, in one or another of its myriad forms, that "you can't change human nature"—serve to rationalize our fear of making fools of ourselves, our reluctance to invite ridicule by challenging arrangements which everybody accepts, and from which, in any case, we ourselves derive both profit and pleasure.

It must be said, however, that the political implications of Sampson's argument are not entirely clear. Faced with a world dominated by the psychology of power, what should a moral man do? He should dissociate himself from those who wield great power, that much is clear: intellectuals, for instance, should not serve the state. Neither should they effect a quietistic withdrawal from the world. What choices remain? According to Sampson, the only political movement with which a moral man can associate himself is a movement "that is striving against opposition to make headway in the right direction and is not itself seeking political power."

This formula is unexpectedly vague. It applies to the peace movement, in its nonviolent phase, and to the initial stages of the civil rights movement in the United States. But nonresistance, in the civil rights movement, is giving way to a drive for black power, and the peace movement is struggling to evolve from a protest into a political force. Are these developments to be deplored? Does the transformation of moral protest into political action furnish yet one more instance of the corrupting influence of the psychology of power? It can no longer be said that these movements are not themselves "seeking political power," when that has become their avowed intention. Are they therefore corrupt? Only a simple-minded pacifism can solve the difficulty by arguing that although the civil rights and peace movements have become political, they are still nonviolent. Power, not violence, is the issue. And in any case the search for political power has already begun to alter the nonviolent orientation of the protest movement. Demonstrators have begun to answer violence with violence, and discipline is becoming more and more difficult to maintain. Revenge emerges for the first time as a motive in the protests of the sixties: the vision of a revolutionary apocalypse, a universal turning of tables.

It is not easy to distinguish between the wish to dominate and the wish to be free from domination, when the wish to be free begins to take a political form: the attempt to fight power with power. Moreover, the pursuit of domination easily masks itself in the rhetoric of equality. The distinction, however difficult, can nevertheless be made, because the quality of a group's aspirations inevitably manifests itself in the things its leaders do and say. Groups seeking political power are not necessarily seeking the power to dominate other groups. They may be seeking no more than the material requirements for a decent life. Perhaps that is all Sampson means when he speaks approvingly of movements that are "striving against opposition to make headway in the right direction." But when he says that "all history testifies to the fact that the law of love is by no means impotent to move men's hearts and minds," he appears to reject the use of power under any circumstances, on the ground that the law of love is always incompatible with the law of power. The oppressed must appeal to the conscience of their oppressors.

Nordisk Press

SOREN KIERKEGAARD

"What people really desire is to have a good time in this world."

This is the true spirit of nonresistance—a spirit that is rapidly going out of the protest movement in the United States. One regrets its passing not because the appeal to conscience ever accomplished very much but because it did great credit to those who tried, in the face of every discouragement, to converse with their enemies. The conversations, however, were seldom reciprocal; indeed they merely testified, once again, to the arrogance of power and to its inaccessibility to persuasion. Power seldom yields without a struggle. Elizabeth Barrett did not escape from her father's domination by appealing to his conscience but by defying him. Similarly it would seem that civil rights for Negroes and self-determination for Asiatics can be won only in the face of the prolonged resistance of powerful groups in American society. If, in these situations, the appeal to conscience were to succeed, it should have succeeded a long time ago.

THEATRE / Harold Clurman

There is a scene in *Viet Rock* written and directed by Megan Terry (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32 Street) which caught my attention. A frightened and grieving mother is conducted into a military hospital to see her wounded soldier son. She bends over to speak to him—he is unrecognizably disfigured—but cannot elicit any response. Horrified at his silence she inspects the boy's identification tag. He isn't her son; the attendant apologizes for the error. The woman bursts into wild sobs as she presses the hopelessly marred soldier to her breast. This stranger too is her son.

The scene—no more than a moment really—is something of an intrusion in the proceedings. It may not be an original dramatic idea but it is vivid and potent. Yet it probably passes unnoticed in the hullabaloo of the proceedings. *Viet Rock* is an irregular chain of improvisations, in feeble rock 'n' roll style, intended to protest and mock the indignity and stupidity of our action in Vietnam.

One would suppose that such an enterprise, however crude, would arouse our social conscience, stir us to applause and shouts of approbation. *Viet Rock* does not propose "art" but propaganda. But we who

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are not averse to propaganda—particularly in a theatre that offers so little art—are sorely disappointed to find ourselves not only untouched but embarrassed by it. The reaction comes not simply from the ineptitude, the lack of originality in the various parodies (the screaming sergeant in charge of muddled recruits, the barking of inane slogans, the imbecile Congressional hearings, etc.), or a straining after strong effects of satire and caricature. We squirm because of something peculiarly pretentious behind it all. What disturbs is a tone not of youthful bravado or raw radicalism but of a certain artiness and a by now no longer new conformism.

It sometimes goes by the name of "total theatre," an item in "the theatre of cruelty." It aspires to be free and gay, raucous, graphic, topical, improvisational, saltatory, shocking and politically explosive. What is aimed at is not a show but an *event*. Something of this was done with incomparably superior skill in the Brook production of *Marat/Sade*, and it has been brought off in various forms throughout the theatre's history; but in *Viet Rock* we are given the gesture without wit, invention, thought or real point. There is little to indicate that this farrago is propelled by the force of genuine social indignation or understanding. There is hardly any true spontaneity; only untempered ambition and unripe mind. Such exhibits are swipes of *avant-garde*-ism.

Several steps up in the ladder of this "movement" is *America Hurrah*, "3 Views of the U.S.A.," as the author Jean-Claude van Itallie calls them (at the Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Avenue). Compared to *Viet Rock*, the proceedings are much better disciplined, steadier in aim, more coherent in effect.

The three "views" are played against an antiseptically neutral—white and silver—background resembling the surface aspect of a refrigerator. The setting is emblematic of the nature of the satire, or complaint, leveled against our civilization. The first piece, "Interview," begins with a group of applicants being questioned by clerks at an employment agency. The faces of the applicants and the interviewers multiply and merge into a phantasmagoria of the city. We are in the subway, at a street accident, at a charm school, at a discothèque, at the feet of a candidate for the governorship delivering a campaign speech, in a confessional, on a psychiatrist's couch listening to the medico's refrain: "Love! Love! Love! Hostility! Penis! Mother! *Money!*," terminating with an inglorious death for the central personage. The choral and picture motto of it all is a line of human ciphers whispering in the shadow: "Will you help me? Next! Will you help me? Next!" The lines of dialogue are illustrated by the actors in well-designed and arresting poses like photographic stills often accompanied by telltale flickers of sound. The eye which composed them is alert.

The second "view" equates the mediocrity of conversation and behavior among three office workers with the atrocious banality of television programs. They are played off contrapuntally against one another and finally merge, the first becoming indistinguishable from the second. The pattern is clear and clever up to a point, but the verbal material is routine.

The final episode, "Motel," is for me the most striking and, as a "signature" for the occasion, symbolic. It is wholly nonliterary: what counts in all three pieces is not the words, which are shorthand for meaning, but images. Language as individual expression is nonexistent. In "Motel," a figure—body as well as face entirely masked—speaks in taped speech—advertising the advantages of the motel's accommodations. As the spiel progresses we cease to listen to what is being said but watch the similarly masked and entirely grotesque figures of a man and woman as they disrobe and prepare for the expected sexual hanky-panky of the night. They scribble obscenities all over the walls and in every possible manner wreck the joint. Meanwhile, blinding lights are projected in the direction of the audience and a pandemonium of discordant sound thunders through the house. We are submerged in an absolute chaos of the senses. The result, astonishingly enough, is exhilarating. This is our natural element; this is home!

There is talent in *America Hurrah*; how much cannot be determined until future evidence is brought forth. The evening is well prepared and directed by Jacques Levy and Joseph Chaikin; the actors perform their several chores dutifully and ably.

Though I was certainly not bored, my responses were nevertheless restrained. The difficulty with such entertainments is that the derided clichés tend to be turned into further clichés. It is all very well—it is, in fact, necessary—to hoot at the vile personal disaffection of our time. But to take any pleasure in its exposure, or even to enjoy some masochistic satisfaction (in the guise of retaliation) at the injury, we must get more than its petty reproduction. In America, every new aesthetic enterprise seems to set out from scratch and nearly always with somewhat less energy and humanity than was manifested in a similar vein by our forebears.

Our scorners and jeerers, the would-be rebels in the theatre nowadays, appear to have hardly any artistic or cultural memory. There is only the present, con-

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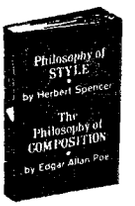

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taining no yesterday and looking forward to no morrow. Thus Dada and Surrealism are never recalled, or German Expressionism (Georg Kaiser, Ernest Toller and others), or the genuinely lyric outcries that lent poignancy as well as color to Lawson's *Processional*, Rice's *The Adding Machine*, Cummings' *him* of our own twenties, or even the political cabarets of the thirties, and the fun and games of *Beyond the Fringe* and the shows at "The Premise." Some of this is to be found in the smudged plaints and jibes of our solitary "fools": Mort Sahl, Lenny Bruce, Bob Dylan, but the theatre which demands a synthesis and a progression is still barbarously infantile. We are thus made to appear even more abject and impotent by the trappings and parade of a hell-raising "sophistication" which are merely the discarded rags of affectingly ancient and ill-used clowns. Our attempts at liberating laughter and tonic defiance are kid stuff. The only innovation is the lack of heart. We may smile and occasionally guffaw but the consequences are for the most part dispiriting—as with the recent elections. Can we not become a little wiser without all of us first submitting to a real crack on our heads?

ART / Max Kozloff

Wrote Zola of Manet:

> I cannot repeat too often that in order to understand and savor his talent, we must forget a thousand things. . . . The artist is neither painting history nor his soul. What is termed "composition" does not exist for him, and he has not set himself the task of representing some abstract idea . . . he should neither be judged as a moralist nor as a literary man. He should be judged simply as a painter. He treats figure subjects in just the same way as still-life subjects. . . . Don't expect anything of him except a truthful and literal interpretation. He knows how to paint and that is all. . . . He is a child of our age.

Contrast that with Paul Mantz, on the same subject:

> If the representation of human life, with its attendant joys and miseries, counts for anything in painting, then Manet's work . . . has very little to tell us. . . . The actors whom he places on the stage are mostly dumb. They pose immobile—don't ask them to show any feeling, or to express an opinion. They share the calm of a still-life group. They are examples of painting in which the sole interest lies in the technical questions they raise.

Two writers, observing the same art, not even disagreeing very much on what is seen, find themselves on opposite ends of the evaluative pole. It is a common enough occurrence. But what distinguishes this particular tiff is that it was initiated by the unwitting founder of modern art. (The Philadelphia Museum is currently showing a momentous display of Manet's work.) The issues he provoked are still resonantly with us, fruit not only of a particular sensibility but of a philosophical dilemma. Reluctant to speculate on abstract ideas, one viewpoint insists on the primacy of "painting" per se. Unwilling to settle for anything so hermetic as "technical questions," the other chafes at the deflation of humanism in the art of the last hundred years. What Manet seems to have done was expose the whole question not of any specific conventions but of aesthetic credibility. His work pivoted the spectator's attention away from the reception of various messages, visually embodied, to examine the way artistic meaning itself could be plausibly formulated. How much intrinsic significance one grants a painting, how much one is asked to contribute to it as an experience, are queries for the first time seriously invoked by images that once looked as harshly contrasted and stereotyped as playing cards.

In a sense, the conflict between a vacancy of human affect and a plenitude of pictorial charm is a false conflict, since the two neither preclude nor signal each other. In addition, nothing physically created by a man can be dissociated from the human, even if the 1860s were not prepared to make such a generalization. But on a more mundane level, the diminishing of, say, the illustrative quotient in a work (as well as other factors I shall discuss) could make evident how superficial had been one's stakes in it as a creation. The spectator was then called upon, either to shore up the aesthetic liaison anew (with whatever sensations were available), or to affirm loyalty to something "larger" than art, some complex of values which art had unaccountably betrayed. In either case, the physical data of the object became so much raw material for differing rhetorics of seeing—not just of responding. Dating from the crucial "Déjeuner sur l'Herbe," and "Olympia," both 1863, this sudden introduction of instability into the experience of art produced a great uneasiness. Innocence collided with memory, the necessity to "forget a thousand things" clashed with the urge to remember them. Both reactions were overcompensating and inevitable.

The artistic disequilibrium provoked by Manet would not have been so decisive had the 19th century been less materialistic and psychologically oriented. His work was shocking precisely because it converted a previous interest in material into an entity more sensuously alive than the simply tangible while, at the same time, it removed itself from the *picturing* of psychological relations. It might be said of these attitudes not that they were taboo in their particular milieu but that they would be resisted in proportion as they seemed self-contained—or rather, self-con-

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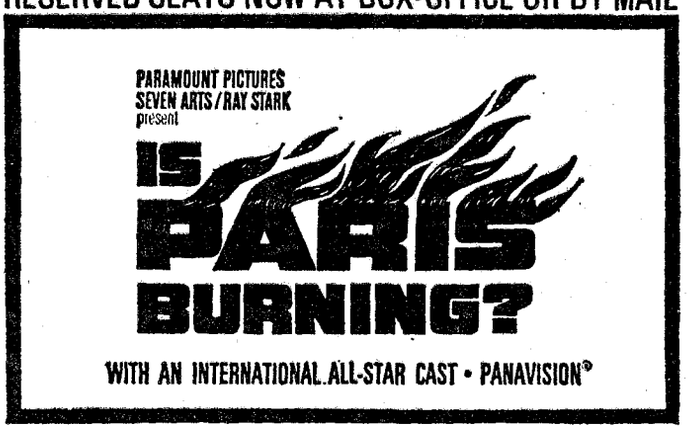

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cerned. According to a conscience that is still with us today, such self-concern is amoral. Even Baudelaire, the most perceptive critic of his age, could quote with approval Stendhal's "painting is nothing but a construction in ethics." By having apparently thrust the moral burden of primitive acceptance or rejection upon the spectator, while erasing all moral distinctions in the portrayal of life (itself a perfectly ethical position), Manet committed an unpardonable act.

But there is a deeper sense in which he was, and still is, a radical artist. Psychological dissociation was not exactly a new element in the history of ambitious figure painting. There were precedents for it of such caliber as Giorgione and Watteau. But these artists rendered a sense of human isolation within an envelope of longing. Shot through their work is a nostalgia in which some golden, but above all spiritually integrated, previous age is contrasted with the dross and fragmentation of the present. The figures in this art act as emblems of recall, shaded by a crepuscular light that gives poetic distance to, and hence acknowledges, a feeling of loss.

Manet, however, conveys something of this same sentiment as an inflection of the intractable, ungraspable sunlit present. Again, it was Baudelaire, this time prophetic, who postulated a theory with which to understand what had happened (although he was speaking of another artist, Constantin Guys):

> The past is interesting not only for the beauty which artists, whose present it was, have extracted from it, but also as past, for its historic value. The same applies to the present. The pleasure which we gain from the representation of the present derives from the beauty with which it may be possessed as well as its essential quality as present. . . . Modernity is the transitory, the fugitive, the contingent, one half of art of which the other half is the eternal and the immutable. . . . By suppressing it you forcibly tumble into the emptiness of an abstract and undefinable beauty.

Thus Manet's sin, in the eyes of his contemporaries, was to accept the definable and the immediate, even in his own social circumstances, as beautiful. Yet it had no aura of the memorable except that which his sensate touch could lend to it. In affirming the force of the individual moment itself, he embraced "modernity," but was constrained to exclude "history": certainly the major historical act in 19th-century art. Yet just as surely, this present, this "nowness," was an abstraction; it demanded to be fabricated, or rather, synthesized from the most fleeting impressions. That is what gives his work—whether in the bustle of a *brasserie* or in the face of Victorine Meurend—its look of being simultaneously observed and invented. The critical confusion over Manet's "realism" originates in the inability to bridge the paradox of this quest for the "immutably" fugitive.

Moreover, the local environment was a "no-environment" or limbo, unless it was conceived of as genre, that is, a typological situation. Such was not Manet's inclination (although he did produce innumerable pictures classifiable within genre modes). By stepping into familiar territory he entered, oddly enough, into the unknown. Rather than the still-life character of his images, upon which so many observers have remarked, I sense in them a curious unromantic because unacknowledged homelessness. One sees it in the "Concert in the Tuileries Garden," 1860, "Luncheon in the Studio," 1868, and "A Bar at the Folies Bergère," 1881 (all unrepresented in the present show), as well as, in more diffused form, almost everywhere else in his work. A Manet person reminds you that he likes solitude even when he is alone, as Jules Renard would say. But this enigmatic delicacy was quite outweighed by the fundamental strangeness that presented itself to a society which saw its dislocated reflection blinked miraculously into paint. The spectacle was neither heroic nor documentary. Very few people knew how to look at it.

Manet, then, cultivated a rather problematical immediacy. For, just as his view of reality was optically fluffed, instigating new codes of recognition, the pictures he painted required awareness of a new fiction, the autonomy of the work of art. It was evident that he had substituted fresh equivalents for formulas in his rendition of surfaces and lights—and that this, for the first time, constituted the "idea" behind an artist's vision. Detached from any given body of pictorial information, these equivalents—slashes of tone that became sleeves or masts—took on their own life. They rooted the spectator into an examination of his own present, that is, into a consciousness of his own experience as shaped by the work of art. Their sentient opacity overwhelmed, or

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leaps unexpectedly from a
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its hands in claw-fashion
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put to flight, the vestiges of a narrative transparency. Even the "reminiscent" elements of such pictures assisted in this transformation. With casual daring, an artist uses older motifs—in this case, from Hals, say, or Goya—not as inspiration or rebuttal, that is, not rhetorically, but merely as anatomical material to be rearranged under a pictorial flesh. In addition, the habit many of his personages have of seeming to gaze inward at their own memories appears largely as an effort to redefine their identity in the present. Everything in Manet's art is caught up with concentration on isolating that which is happening *now*.

In the typical texts on modern art, this phenomenon is usually misunderstood to have inaugurated the reductionist aesthetic, the recurring effort to parse forms down to an essential minimum. While it is true that Manet made all kinds of sacrifices of what he considered superfluous—what serious artist doesn't?—his work actually grew more complex and pictorially rich (from flat masses to broken color) as his career developed. He was obeying no imperative, no outside prescriptive or cyclical view of art history. A more recent perspective, growing out of our immediate situation of impersonal forms and "primary" structures, might view him as the prototype of the "cool" artist, handling his elements at a deliberate remove from emotional involvement. Only a few years ago, a French writer, Georges Bataille, wrote: "'The Execution of Maximilian' reminds us of a tooth deadened by novocaine; we get the impression of an all-engulfing numbness, as if a skillful practitioner had radically cured painting of a centuries-old ailment: chronic eloquence." Although it is true that we tend to meditate on, rather than partake of the emotions implied in a Manet painting, we are made to sense their presence in a new way. Various states of feeling are indirectly presented to us, rather than given. And just because there is no attempt to solicit or manipulate, they become much more authentically the artist's own. With Manet, detachment leads only to the personal.

If one comes back to the original problem, aesthetic credibility in Manet takes on almost urgent overtones. After him criticism was put defensively on its guard about the evocativeness, not merely the mechanics, of paint *qua* paint. More important still, the spectator was left with no screen, no conventional lens with which to view an artistic transcript of ideas into sensations. Instead, he was disconcertingly and invigoratingly confronted with his own responsibility to grasp an artistic metaphor which pretended to be nothing but itself.

Next week, I shall discuss the Manet exhibition proper.

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Crossword Puzzle No. 1177

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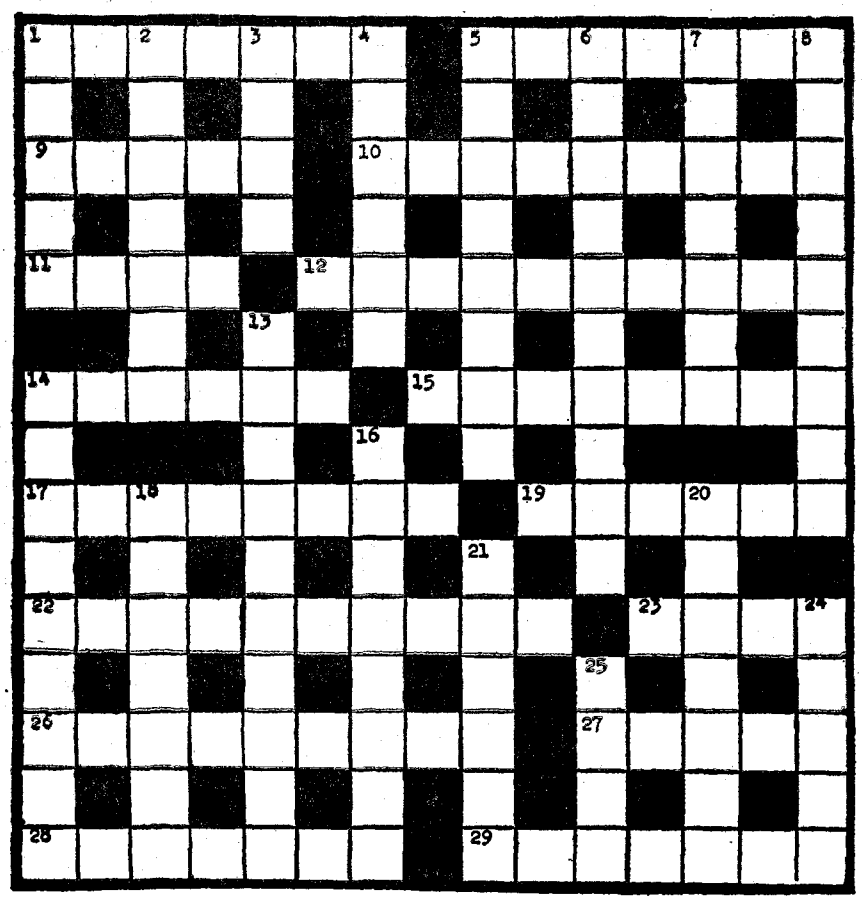

ACROSS:

1 The vessel of good cheer, in part, after conflicts? (7)
5 The one floating in "Guys and Dolls," or is such a head all stuffed up? (3, 4)
9 and 8 down Polite drivers on the line, but they know the public works. (5, 9)
10 See 17 across
11 One was certainly attached to the land. (4)
12 A boy may be, but not Albert. (It might even apply to a rarity.) (6, 4)
14 The sort of care belonging to me is smooth. (6)
15 See 25 down
17 and 10 Bill gets paid now but it could be time for a little casual thought. (3, 3, 2, 9)
19 Soft turf around, as one understands. (6)
22 Gulls. (10)
23 See 2 down
26 Is the meaning of Latin "vene" related to the "land of the rising sun"? (9)
27 Some shocks are, when equipped with listening devices. (5)
28 Broken lines at the point of a bastion. (7)
29 He is likely to pay according to the going rate. (7)

DOWN:

1 In the light of our forebears, were they turned up at that time? (5)
2 and 23 across Engaged to back up what some clerics did, in part. (7, 4)
3 Bill mentioned a better one without aspiration. (4)
4 Look! Henry's wife is about the room! (6)
5 Some of us hope spring will soon, being attractive! (8)
6 Take a wrong route, and go with a pleasant disposition. (4, 6)
7 Inclined to be heavy, as Poe said. (7)
8 See 9 across
13 Probably not the characteristic of good waiters. (10)
14 Mice, perhaps, in range of New York. (9)
16 One should know if it's a plant! (8)
18 Its meaning might sound summary! (7)
20 Asparagus is, but shouldn't be. (7)
21 Tells the truth about the various floors? (6)
24 Bill might have what Schumann made wild. (5)
25 and 15 across Two spots describing the location of the general? (4, 3, 5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1176

ACROSS: 1 Valetudinarians; 9 Undergo; 10 Restful; 11 Hailed; 12 Sedative; 14 Night train 17 Inge; 19 Cornucopia; 22 Loveless; 23 Mimosa; 25 Assuage; 26 Thereto; 27 Sophisticatedly. DOWN: 1 Vaughan Williams; 2 Ladling; 3 Torments; 4 and 15 Door stop; 5 Norwegians; 6 Rascal; 7 Afflict; 8 Self-explanatory; 13 Orion's belt; 16 Accident; 18 Gives up; 20 Proceed; 21 Alkali; 24 Otic.

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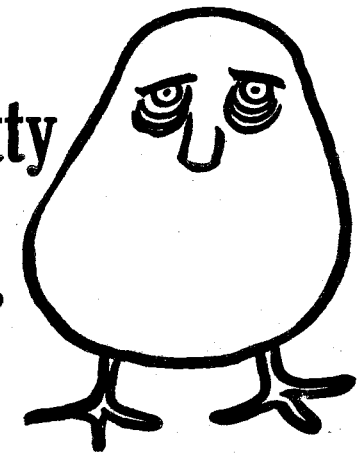

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